The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1889.

The Week.

THE expulsion of McDow from the South Carolina Medical Society is the first formal indication that his crime is really condemned by the higher circles of the State. It is a welcome sign, and we give it all the weight and prominence it deserves as proof that the gentleman murderer is no longer free from *all* kinds of punishment in the South. The outspoken sermons, too, of prominent Charleston clergymen against the lax sentiment regarding the sacredness of human life, which was illustrated by McDow's acquittal, are most significant and encouraging. It is much less the practice in the South than in the North for the pulpit to discuss questions of the day, and this fact lends added force to such deliverances as those of the last two Sundays. It really begins to look as though the people of South Carolina were coming to see themselves as others see them in this matter. That is all that is necessary to work a reformation.

The Civil-Service Commission has given a fresh proof of its usefulness and impartiality by a straightforward report as to charges of violation of the Civil-Service Law in the Post-office at Grand Rapids, Mich., under the present Democratic Postmaster. Half-a-dozen clerks in the office have made affidavit that F. A. Hudson, the chief clerk during the campaign of 1888, demanded contributions to the Democratic campaign fund, threatening dismissal in case of refusal—a penalty which was enforced in one case. On the other hand, Hudson has submitted an affidavit specifically denying all the charges, and also copies of letters from two of the clerks mentioned denying the very facts they set forth in their affidavits. Upon which state of things the Commissioners thus comment: "If Mr. Hudson is guilty, he should be prosecuted; if he is not guilty, then the men swearing falsely against him should themselves be prosecuted for entering into a peculiarly infamous conspiracy to blacken his character." As the Commission's powers are limited, especially in the matter of administering oaths and subpœnaing witnesses, it is impossible for it properly to investigate such a case, and, accordingly, all the affidavits and other written matter in its possession have been turned over to the Postmaster-General for such action as he may deem necessary.

The Civil-Service Commissioners have made a valuable report on the Milwaukee Post-office, where their investigation disclosed a disgraceful state of things. It appears that Postmaster Paul, the Democrat appointed by Mr. Cleveland, compelled the secretary of the local board, who was one of his subordinates, to give him free access to the list of eligibles, and forced him to alter the books so as to produce a certification bearing the name of the appointee chosen by the Postmaster; that "the lists of eligibles were twisted and garbled in almost every conceivable manner, in order to produce swindling certificates whereby certain men could be rejected, although entitled to appointment, and other men appointed, although having no rightful claim to the chance"; in short, that "Mr. Paul has grossly and habitually violated the law, and has done it in a peculiarly revolting and underhand manner." The Commissioners conclude that the Postmaster's further continuance in office would be a great misfortune, and recommend his immediate removal. It is said that a Republican Congressman from Milwaukee is Mr. Paul's strongest backer.

Mr. Roosevelt has taken another of the Republican spoilsmen in hand, viz., Sixth-Auditor Coulter, the Ohio man whose idea of the Government is to provide places for the "horn-blowers," and who demanded the resignation of a faithful and efficient clerk, whose fidelity and efficiency he himself confessed, simply because, in his own words, "we want your place." As soon as Mr. Roosevelt heard the story, he went to the Secretary of the Treasury and laid the case before him, the result being a block in Coulter's proceedings. Too much praise cannot be given Mr. Roosevelt for his untiring efforts to secure the carrying out of his party's pledges in the matter of civil-service reform; but, after all, how ridiculous it is for him to try to restrain spoilsmen like Coulter and Clarkson when the President appoints and retains such men. The way to make people believe that the Administration "means business" in this matter is not for Mr. Roosevelt to try to keep up with the tricks of such a fellow as Coulter, but for Gen. Harrison to remove Coulter.

A significant petition has been in circulation for some weeks among the iron-manufacturers of New England. Its text, which is given by the Boston *Herald*, after stating that the signers are members of all political parties, requests New England Senators and Representatives to "insist upon the incorporation of the following provisions in any revised tariff law that shall be enacted:

> "(1.) That iron ore, coal, and coke shall be put upon the free list, as they were before the war; (2) that the duty upon pig-iron and scrap iron and scrap steel which prevailed immediately before the war be restored, to wit: a duty of 24 per cent. ad valorem."

This has been signed so generally, according to the *Herald*, as to encourage the hope that by the time Congress assembles substantially all the iron-working establishments in the Eastern States will have given it their approval. This is the more noteworthy from the fact that practically all these establishments are owned and controlled by Republicans. They are forced to take this step by the conviction that unless relief of the kind proposed is furnished soon, the iron industry of New England will cease to exist.

We have been favored by a protected manufacturer in the interior of this State, Alfred Dolge by name, with a pamphlet copy of his speeches in the late campaign. We are informed in the preface that Mr. Dolge "has searched and studied every authority on these involved and intricate topics. Beginning with Adam Smith and ending with Denslow, Mr. Dolge has studied all the masters in the economic field, including Ricardo, Cary, Karl Marx, Fourier, Proudhon, John Stuart Mill, Sumner, Sismondi, Malthus, Cobden, Spencer, and others." Opening the pamphlet at random, the following paragraph happened to be the first one that we read:

> "Now, for the sake of argument, let us admit that, with free raw material and low wages, the American manufacturer can compete with the European manufacturer. Where is that promised market for his surplus goods? *Can we sell any manufactured goods in Europe*, where they have such an immense surplus of them already that they hail with joy and gladness the possibility of a victory for the free-trade party in America, so that they may flood this country with their wares? 'Oh, no!' says the free-trader. 'There is South America and Australia, countries which do not manufacture at all, but have to buy everything!'"

The works of Marx, Fourier, and Proudhon are a very good preparation for a protectionist stump-speaker, because protection is a form of Socialism; but if Mr. Dolge had bestowed less time on those publications and a little more on those of the United States Government, he would not have fallen into the absurdity noted in the above quotation.

"Can we sell any manufactured goods in Europe?" if we have free raw materials, he asks in a tone of triumph. Well, we should say yes, with some confidence, seeing that we sold to England alone (not including Scotland and Ireland) more than $25,000,000 of manufactured goods in the year 1887, not counting flour, lumber, dairy products, or any of the articles peculiarly indigenous to the soil. Among the free raw materials that we import largely are hides, from which we manufactured for England alone, in the year mentioned, about $7,000,000 worth. We also get a raw material called sugar, from which our refineries turned out for the English market about $6,500,000 worth. From the raw material cotton we produced for the English market nearly $1,000,000 worth, and for foreign markets altogether about $15,000,000 worth. Of machinery, iron, and steel (exclusive of sewing-machines and agricultural implements), we sold in England during that year $860,000 worth; likewise $500,000 of books, maps, and engravings; also more than $500,000 worth of clocks and watches; also $350,000 worth of organs, pianos, and other musical instruments. All of which shows that Mr. Dolge either does not know what he is talking

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about, or purposely deceives those who listen to him.

The *Manufacturer* of Philadelphia thinks that the probability is that Chicago will outrank the Quaker City in population in the census of 1900, if not in that of 1890, and that this preëminence will not be due to natural advantages, or to the absorption of surrounding villages, but to greater public spirit, freedom from railway monopoly, and an independent press. On the latter point it remarks that the Chicago newspapers are "not muzzled with passes or silenced by advertisements and social influences." What, we ask, is the meaning of this dark insinuation? Who has been muzzling the press of Philadelphia with advertisements? The most extensive advertiser in that city is Mr. John Wanamaker, or the Wanamaker firm. Mr. Wanamaker does not issue passes (except perhaps on the Western Union Telegraph Co.), but he has been suspected, not exactly of silencing the press with advertisements, but of making it voluble with praises of himself and his Sunday-school doings and his financiering in the field of politics. When the *Manufacturer* throws out such insinuations, it ought to explain what it means, and not leave people at a distance to form surmises which may be unjust both to itself and to Mr. Wanamaker.

Mr. Wanamaker's attempt to issue a general pass to the Government over the lines of the Western Union Telegraph Company is one of the most curious features of the policy of the new Administration. The law authorizes the Postmaster-General to fix the rate at which the Government's telegraphing shall be done by private companies just as it authorizes the fixing of the rate for railway postal service. But it was never contemplated that the rate should be less than cost. One-tenth of a cent per word, the rate fixed by Mr. Wanamaker for telegraphing, is less than the average cost of delivery of the message after it has been transmitted. It may cover the cost of the stationery furnished by the telegraph companies, but it cannot cover the cost of bookkeeping, collection, and postage. In fact, the postage paid by the companies on the vouchers required by the Government auditors will often exceed the amount of money to be collected for the telegraph service rendered. For example, an officer on a frontier post telegraphs to Washington a ten-word message of an Indian disturbance. The compensation for this message is one cent. The message itself must be forwarded as a voucher because the Government does not accept secondary evidence. If it happens to be the only one sent from that station during the month, the postage on it will be double the amount of the money to be collected for telegraphing it. Therefore it would be a saving to the telegraph company not to collect it at all. Probably it would be a saving to make the Government a deadhead out and out, because in that case all expense for bookkeeping and registering would be avoided, and this is probably as much as one mill per word. Mr. Wanamaker's order has the taint of demagogism, or downright oppression, or both.

Judging from the character of the instructions sent to the collectors of customs at El Paso and Eagle Pass, enjoining them to take pains to see that the silver ore which comes into this country from Mexico does really contain more silver in value than lead, the inference is warranted that Secretary Windom does not intend to reverse the decisions and practice of his five predecessors in office (including himself) that those ores are entitled to admission free of duty. The instructions are in part as follows:

"(1.) The sworn entry shall embrace, in addition to what is now required, a statement of the estimated quantities and values of silver and lead contained in the importation, according to the best knowledge and belief of the importer or consignee.

"(2.) The entry shall further contain a declaration that the importation embraces no mixtures of ores or concentrates from different mines.

"It is suggested that in the execution of these instructions care should be taken equally not to unnecessarily detain ores wherein silver so clearly predominates as to fix their character commercially as silver ores; nor to admit without assessment of duty those ores wherein the value of their components of lead appears to exceed that of the silver contained in such ores."

That is all very proper, but is probably what the collectors have been doing all along. If it were intended to reverse the previous decision, it is not likely that any of these instructions would have been sent to the border.

Mr. Abraham Remsen, examiner in charge of the sugar-room, and Messrs. Twamley and Cole, sugar-samplers, all of whom were removed from office by Secretary Fairchild for alleged "sugar frauds," were reinstated at the instance of Appraiser Cooper last Thursday, after an investigation made by a special agent of the Treasury Department. Mr. John S. McElwee, the person appointed by Mr. Fairchild examiner in charge of the sugar-room after he had been discharged by Appraiser McMullen for drunkenness and insubordination, at once tendered his resignation; but as an investigation was pending into his competency and character, the resignation was not accepted. These reinstatements will be as grievous to the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* as that of Examiner Bowne, whose return to his post was chronicled some weeks ago. The *Bulletin* informs us *in italics* that the Boston sugar-importers have not commenced proceedings to recover the money wrongfully exacted of them by the bad polariscoping from which they suffered prior to the report of the National Academy of Sciences. Their complaints, it says, "were dismissed on June 18, 1888. The Boston Custom-house has no notification of any suit brought for the recovery of duties wrongfully collected on account of polariscope tests, nor has any protest and appeal been filed. Without this protest the plaintiff has no standing in court." It is true that a protest against the wrongful assessment of duties must be filed within ten days, and that if not so filed, there can be no recovery at law. It is true, we believe, that the Boston importers did not discover that they had been wrongfully deprived of their property until after the expiration of ten days. But it appears that they did make complaint, and we know that they did take steps to recover their money, and we think it altogether likely that they will go to Congress with the same kind of proof of the goodness of their claim that they would have produced in court if they had not been cut off in the manner here stated.

The Ballot-Reform Bill which has been presented to the New Hampshire Legislature by Mr. Branch of Weare is an excellent measure, modelled closely upon the Massachusetts law, and containing, therefore, all the important principles of the Australian system. It provides for exclusively official ballots, for secret voting, and for nominations by means of petitions or nomination papers, as well as by the regular party organizations. The prospects for the bill to become a law are somewhat uncertain. There are much the same conditions in New Hampshire that there were in Connecticut. Public sentiment earnestly demands the passage of a reform bill, but the politicians are opposed to any change in present methods, and while they will not take the risk of defeating the bill openly, they will spare no effort to defeat it by indirection. It could not be expected that a Legislature which had just reëlected "Bill" Chandler to the United States Senate would show much toleration for any reform, especially a reform so purely "theoretical" as this is assumed by its opponents to be. We notice that some of the Republican organs of the State are troubled, as were Gov. Hill and Gov. Bulkeley, about the "complications" of the Australian system. They are very much afraid that it will prove cumbersome in practice, and are repeating the familiar misstatement that it has never yet been tried in this country. It has been tried in Louisville, Ky., and has worked so successfully that there is a general demand for its application to the entire State. It has been tried, in a modified but still "complicated" form, in Milwaukee, and worked so well in two elections that the Wisconsin Legislature at its recent session passed a law making a full adaptation of the Australian system applicable to the whole State.

What becomes of the descendants of kings not in the line of succession? is a question often asked. Hundreds of Plantagenets, the London *Economist* tells us, are simple commoners, earning their living like other Englishmen. And why should not the descendants of George III. do the same? The question is started by the proposed Parliamentary grant to the Princess Louise, who is about to marry Lord Fife. The *Economist* thinks that the grant must be made, but it sees coming a time when such grants will not be made, and when the immediate descendants of royalty will have to depend on the savings of the Crown, or "go into

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business" like other people. In order to anticipate the time when democratic ideas shall have so far got the upper hand that Parliamentary grants cannot be had, it suggests the creation of a fund to be formed by the capitalization of various Crown properties, such as the Duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster, the unused royal palaces, etc., plus a grant from Parliament for this single purpose, the whole fund to be administered by trustees, like the fund of an insurance or investment company. The proceeds of this fund should, however, be strictly delimited, because "the country cannot provide for an unlimited clan." There must be a line drawn "beyond which the descendants of George III. shall not be entitled by any law or any rule of etiquette to any provision or any rank not attained by individual service." As to the matter of rank merely, the *Economist* shows that there may be, in the year 1950, two hundred male persons entitled to sit in the House of Lords solely by reason of their descent from George III., constituting a peerage in themselves, and this would be almost a scandal to the British Constitution.

Our British cousins are not always wise in commercial matters, and they are slow to change even when they know that they are wrong. One of their laws provides that when anybody receives a light-weight gold coin in payment, he shall "cut, break, or deface it," and that "the person tendering the same shall bear the loss." To make the latter provision effectual, the person receiving the coin must hand the fragments back to the payer, and then demand a good one in exchange for it. The theory of the law embraces the following points: (1) That every person knows a light-weight coin when he sees it or feels it; (2) that he always has a pair of scales handy with which to prove that the coin actually is light; (3) that he keeps also a vice or other machine suitable for breaking gold coins in half; (4) that he will habitually be eager to offend his customers by breaking up their money and handing the parts back to them so that they can go to the bullion-broker and sell the pieces. This law has been in force for many years, and has been a dead letter everywhere except at bank counters, where coin is habitually weighed in bulk, not piece by piece. If a hundred sovereigns offered for deposit do not weigh a hundred sovereigns, the light coin is searched for, broken on the wheel, and handed back to the depositor according to law. An ingenious mechanism exists at the Bank of England by which any number of coins can be put into a hopper and run through an aperture at the bottom; each one falling on the arm of a lever, the light ones dropping on one side and the good ones on the other. But as a matter of fact very few light ones ever find their way to the Bank. They circulate from hand to hand long after their lightness is apparent to any skilled observer. Probably no private person ever broke a coin tendered to him in payment, unless in the way of revenge, as he might pull the nose of the payer if he had legal authority to do so.

This law is a clumsy device to carry into effect the injustice of putting upon the last holder of a light coin the whole loss incurred by the abrasion of a hundred or more years. The coin may have suffered the entire loss of metallic weight before the holder was born, yet if he is ignorant and easily imposed upon, he is liable to have his twenty shillings turned into nineteen and sixpence by a legal hocus-pocus at any time. He is only spared this misfortune by a consensus of opinion that, since all are liable to be mulcted in this way, all will unite in disregarding such an absurd law. Thus the abrasion of the gold coinage has gone on from generation to generation, till at last something must be done. Mr. Goschen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has brought in a bill by the terms of which the mint is to receive all the light coins of earlier date than the reign of Queen Victoria, provided they shall not show signs of intentional abrasion, sweating, or defacement, and give new ones in exchange for them. It is estimated that not more than £5,000,000 of pre-Victorian coins are now in existence. To deal with the Victorian coins will be a much more serious matter. Probably when it becomes necessary to take these in hand, the expense will be met by an issue of one-pound notes.

The adjournment of the Spanish Cortes till autumn, as reported by the telegraph, leaving both the budget and the suffrage measure unacted upon, appears to imply a check to the plans and hopes of Sagasta. The new session opened most auspiciously for him. Violent attacks upon his Administration were made by the Conservative orators, backed up by bitter speeches from dissident Liberals, like Robledo and Dominguez. The object was to renew the noisy altercations of the previous session and to delay the Government's business. The Ministry met this scheme in the best possible way—by maintaining almost absolute silence. They gave their opponents every opportunity to assault, but, beyond two brief and cold speeches from the Government, no attention was paid to the passionate attacks of their enemies. The latter soon got sick of a fight on such terms and gave way to the public business. This was moving along smoothly and rapidly at the last mail accounts. The tax on alcohol was voted, the new law of legal liability was passed, and an important amendment incorporated into the Military Law. Good progress was also made in the discussion of the budget for Spain and Cuba. Sagasta was understood to have declared that the budget must be voted and at least the first section of the Suffrage Bill passed before he would adjourn the Cortes, threatening to hold the Deputies in Madrid through all the heated term, if necessary. Evidently he has not done it. A new combination of his opponents may have forced his hand, or, more likely, the enthusiasm of his followers may not have been equal to the July heat, and they may have called for a recess.

A few weeks ago we noted the assertion by Don Carlos of his right to the throne of France, and that he had made the Prince de Valori his accredited representative. Since then he has written a letter to M. Dubourg, who has been one of the most trusted agents of the Comte de Chambord, which has just got into print, and which contains some interesting paragraphs. Don Carlos says that he looks to his uncle's illustrious example to aid him in directing the affairs of his two kingdoms. "The party of the Revolution is in this year 1889 celebrating the revolt of a hundred years ago against God's rights. We, who have the happiness of being faithful to our traditions of a thousand years, make answer to the centenary in the consoling words that Christ used to the humble men of Paray-le-Monial." He does not quote these consoling words, which are not to be found in any Gospel known to New Testament critics, though probably familiar to devout French Royalists, but goes on: "I wish to unite with the French Catholics in rendering public homage to the Sacred Heart, even as I commemorated in Spain the thirteenth centenary of King Recaredo's conversion. It is constantly made evident that God protects these two glorious nations." The letter shows much faith, and even more hope—in fact, an almost heroic degree of those great virtues. It is also very devout; for if Don Carlos believes, as he doubtless does, that the interests of the house of Bourbon are especially a care of the Divine Being, he must often have forced upon him the lesson that Divine Providence is inscrutable and moves in mysterious ways.

The elections for members of the provincial Diets of Bohemia and Galicia, held June 30, issued in results that have much significance. In Bohemia there has long been considerable antagonism between the Czech and German elements of the population. The former have stood for a greater measure of local control of local affairs, while the latter have been thorough imperialists. An attempt was made to stave off the struggle between the two nationalities and the two policies by uniting all the great landed proprietors in a common party, irrespective of the differences mentioned; but this failed completely, and the election was contested as a fight between Czech and German, between home rule and imperial domination. The battle resulted in a great triumph for the "Young Czech" party, under Count Taafe, which carried twenty-nine out of forty-nine seats—a gain of twenty-three seats. The Germans are naturally cast down over their defeat, and the imperial Government is reported to be much concerned over the prospect of a demand for a Bohemian Constitution drawn on the lines of that granted to Hungary. Count Taafe, indeed, has all along held out this consummation as the thing to be striven for, though he may not find it so easy to reach as he maintained it was before the election. In Galicia, too, the nobility lost five seats to their opponents; and in the next Diet of the province the unprecedented spectacle will be presented of seven members taking their seats as peasants, elected by a peasants' party.

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THE TYPICAL TANNER.

THE performances of Corporal Tanner as Commissioner of Pensions are exciting more attention daily, and there is a belief in some quarters that sooner or later the Administration will have to get rid of him. We are unable to see why the President or the Republican party should be dissatisfied with Tanner's course. He is carrying out in the Pension Bureau the idea which possessed the whole Republican party when it returned to power last March. That idea was and is that this country, especially its National Treasury, is the property of the Republican party to use according to its pleasure. On the 4th of March last the leading organ of the party said, without a suspicion that there was anything unpatriotic or unworthy in the sentiment, "The Republican party comes into its own to-day." President Harrison has been carrying out the same idea with unflagging zeal every hour since he entered upon his duties. The selection of Tanner as Commissioner of Pensions was, in fact, an ideal appointment to be made by a President who had come into power with such a notion in his own head and in that of his party behind him. The United States Treasury having become the private property of the Republican party, and the veterans of the war having voted to make it such property, why, of course, they should have some of its benefits. Public office a public trust? Not a bit of it. Public office is a Republican bonanza.

Tanner says that the President told him when he appointed him that he wished him to be "liberal to the boys," and that is just what he is. He said in a speech at Chicago a day or two ago: "I tell you frankly that I am for the 'old flag and an appropriation' for every old comrade who needs it. I don't claim that I represent the views of the Administration, but I do know that I have the support of the President and Cabinet on this line—a pension for every old soldier who needs one." As was only natural in a bureau in which a policy of this kind was known to be in force, the employees were among the first of the "old comrades" to feel the need, not merely of a pension, but of more pension. Tanner had declared himself the foe of low pensions and in favor of rerating all such to figures more worthy the veterans who received them. His entire force have been devoting their energies to rerating not only other pensions, but their own. Pensions of $4 a month were rerated to $30 a month, and the difference of $26 a month made up for all the years, twenty-five perhaps, during which the smaller sum had been paid. In one division of the Pension Bureau—the medical—five examiners had their pensions rerated, several of them from $4 to $30, giving them arrears amounting from $1,500 to $3,000. Naturally, medical examiners who had been blessed in this manner were in an amiable frame of mind towards pensioners who wished to be examined in order to learn if they had not in them hitherto unnoticed grounds upon which a rerating of their pensions might be made. One pensioner at least has been rerated twice, his arrears under the first amounting to $1,000, and under the second to $1,500 more.

Why should complaint be made that Tanner in carrying out this policy is demoralizing the Pension Bureau by exciting among its employees a positive craze to be rerated and get some of the Treasury money? Why should complaint be made that he is also demoralizing the great body of veterans throughout the country by exciting the same craze among them? Why should the Secretary of the Interior step in and remove, in Tanner's absence, several of the medical examiners who had been carrying out Tanner's policy in rerating pensions? Surely they are not to be punished for doing what their superior officer wished them to do, and what he himself was doing in accordance with the President's instructions to be "liberal to the boys." The entire policy of a national administration and a national party cannot be reversed by cutting off the heads of a few subordinates in a bureau who were simply obeying orders.

The only way by which Tanner can be checked and his policy reversed, is to remove him because he is too liberal. Will the Republican party and its President venture to take the position that any policy towards the soldier vote *can* be too liberal — so long as there is a dollar left in the Treasury? They have chosen Tanner, and must they not stand by him till the end of the chapter? For, after all, what is he doing that the President and other members of his Cabinet are not doing also? He is using public office as if it were private property, and so are they. All this is Republican policy. The protected manufacturers have made no concealment of their conviction that, since their money secured the return of the party "to its own" last fall, they were entitled to such Treasury decisions and to such legislation as would bring as much as possible of that money back into their own pockets again. The whole tone has been: "We have bought and paid for this business, and we now propose to divide the profits of it among ourselves." Can such a party "go back on Tanner"?

THE VANDERBILT PORTRAIT AGAIN.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to tell us that the severe rule recently applied to the reimportation of the Vanderbilt portrait is not new. He describes how Secretary Bristow, on the advice of Solicitor Bluford Wilson, decided that there was no law under which permission could be granted to export a picture for repairs and then reimport it, except on condition of paying the full duty a second time on the entire value of the painting, although the Collector of Customs at Cincinnati was of the opinion that in such a case the painting would not be dutiable.

We have not, however, inquired what the Treasury decision should have been in the Vanderbilt case, or in our correspondent's case. Our purpose, a few days ago, was to emphasize Mr. Chauncey Depew's objection to the customs tax on the Vanderbilt portrait, notwithstanding the great enhancement given to the general prosperity by taxes on imported property, and to call attention to the official incompetency implied in the two contradictory Treasury decisions given within six months on facts precisely similar. The decisions in the Schuyler and Vanderbilt cases cannot stand together, and in the Schuyler case the opinion of the Cincinnati Collector was affirmed. The Treasury Department, in November, 1888, gave precisely the permission to export and reimport which was refused to our correspondent. This is the text of the decision in 1888 in Westcott's case:

> With regard to the painting of Mr. E. G. Westcott of Hartford, Conn., which he states he proposes to take to Europe with him, and to bring back to the United States, you are informed that, in accordance with the recent instructions addressed to you in the Schuyler case, the painting may on its return be admitted to free entry, on its identity being established as a painting heretofore imported and subjected to payment of duty, the Department holding that, as it is *a household effect*, which has been in use for many years by Mr. Westcott, it may be considered as not an importation of merchandise within the meaning of the statute. Respectfully yours,
>
> H. S. THOMPSON,
> Acting Secretary.

Whether or not this decision was correct we do not now inquire. It seems, at first glance, to be reasonable and just.

The warehouse laws, enacted and perfected during Robert J. Walker's term, permit exportation of goods imported and placed in bond. But in such circumstances the goods have never paid taxes and never been out of Government possession. In the Westcott case, the Treasury insisted on adequate precautions to identify the painting as one that had once paid duty.

In his letter to the Collector of Customs at New York on the Vanderbilt portrait, Assistant-Secretary Tichenor said that article 547 of the general regulations prescribes that "*dutiable merchandise* imported and afterwards exported, although it may have paid duty on the first importation, is liable to duty on every subsequent importation in the United States." This article, Mr. Tichenor says, is founded on the fact that the provisions of the law imposing duty make no distinction between the original and subsequent importations of merchandise.

It had first to be decided whether or not the Vanderbilt portrait was "dutiable merchandise," or, in a tariff sense, "merchandise" of any sort. In November, 1888, the Department said that a portrait, similarly situated, was *not* either of the two, but was a "household effect." If Mr. Vanderbilt had resided in Paris for one year, with the portrait hanging in his rooms all the time, it would have ceased to be "dutiable merchandise." Why not if in his house in New York; the exemption being by Treasury regulation, and not by statute?

The law exempts from tax the baggage of an arriving passenger. A life-size portrait cannot be classified as a traveller's ordinary baggage, although small miniatures or photographs may be. Yet furniture that has been in use one year is admitted free as "personal effects," even when the passenger does not accompany it. Again, an ex-diplomatic agent of ours may bring in without payment of duty articles which would be taxable if imported by an ordinary citizen, although

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there is no law authorizing such distinction. What statute, we might ask, exempts a railway car or a horse and carriage from duty each time it enters our territory from Canada or Mexico? The truth is, that common sense is supposed to govern in a multitude of cases where the law is manifestly absurd. Common sense was applied to the case of the Schuyler portrait and was withheld in that of the Vanderbilt portrait.

Inability, or incompetency, to be *just*, as between tariff-beneficiaries and taxpayers, may account in part for the bonnet-trimming and worsted decisions, as well as for the portrait partisanship. But if the inability or incompetency exists, there is surely a need of reform somewhere, by somebody, to remedy the evil of vacillation and contradiction in executive interpretation of the tax laws. The power now assumed by the Treasury to decide what shall be taxed and what shall not be taxed, or, if taxed, then the rate of tax, is a power too tremendous in the consequences of its exercise to be lodged in executive hands. Do we adequately appreciate the character and reach of the power to tax, to loose and unloose, which an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury now usurps, including the power to say not merely when the decision of a magistrate (like Judge Blodgett of Chicago) shall be rejected, but when a decision of the Supreme Court shall be nullified under the disguise of preparing another case for a reargument of questions already once decided by the same tribunal?

MR. WIMAN ON THE EVILS OF COMPETITION.

Somebody has been so kind as to send us a marked copy of *Electric Power*, a monthly magazine conducted with much ability, the marked article being entitled "The Waste of Competition," by Erastus Wiman. Mr. Wiman is a gentleman of distinction and versatility, and what he says is always worth reading. The article in question is a defence of Trusts, and the sum and substance of it is embodied in the saying that "it would certainly pay two-thirds of the traders in the land to board and lodge the remaining one-third, if they would simply get out of business and cease to annoy and impoverish by expensive competition." If Mr. Wiman had said that it would pay two-thirds of the people of the United States to board and lodge the remaining third if they would simply get out of business, he would have suggested an arrangement which might probably be made if the board and lodging were of the kind that he elsewhere prescribes for them—namely, the best hotels in the country, with tickets to the theatre every night. This would mean that 40,000,000 of people should provide first-class accommodations for the remaining 20,000,000, on the simple condition that the latter should knock off work. The only difficulty, we imagine, would be in stopping the rush of deadheads to the hotels and theatres. Too many people would want to knock off work.

But Mr. Wiman does not mean this; he means that two-thirds of a very limited class in the community could well afford to board and lodge the remaining third *of that class*, if thereby they could make 60,000,000 people pay whatever prices they might ask for the necessaries of life. If he does not thus in terms express himself, it is because he failed to complete his sentences. Moreover, among his mental reservations there was probably one implying that the two-thirds who were supporting the one-third in idleness, should deal in a perfectly just, humane, and kindly way with the 60,000,000, but still that the power of deciding what is kindly, humane, and just should remain with themselves.

Mr. Wiman tells us further that "in the end the public pay for all the extraordinary expenses incident to competition." If that is so, why should the traders object to it? If these expenses are refunded to them, why should they be so eager to go into Trusts? We suspect that this statement is as misleading as the other one. To take an example: Suppose that three persons are supplying a community with shoes, and a fourth, a boy, born in the community, grows up with an aptitude for shoemaking, or is under the necessity of making shoes for a living. (Of course he must exercise some productive industry, or become a pauper, or perhaps a burglar.) In order to get trade he reduces the price of shoes. This, according to Mr. Wiman, causes "terrible expense" to the other three, but what he means is not an increase of expense, but a lessening of profits. The two things mean the same to the shoemakers, but not to the public. The public do not "pay for all the extraordinary expenses" of the shoemakers, because there are none to pay. But, it may be said, they are now supporting four shoemakers where they only supported three. They would have to support four *persons* any way, unless they allowed one of them to starve. But the public are paying no more for shoes than before—by the hypothesis, rather less.

Mr. Wiman gives us some particulars. "Does any one suppose," he asks, "that petroleum would be as cheap as it is to-day if the Standard Oil Company had not existed?" We are able to suppose this without overexertion. Why not? Because, according to Mr. Wiman, the $30,000,000 capital necessary to construct the pipe lines never could have been got if competition had existed. This, then, would have been the first instance where capital could not be found to do remunerative work. As there was no difficulty in getting $30,000,000 to build the West Shore Railway, the remunerative character of which was always doubtful, we should say that Mr. Wiman's apprehensions in this case were quite unfounded and imaginary, the more especially since his whole argument goes on the theory that there is too much capital crowding in every direction. That is what the "waste of competition" means.

Mr. Wiman introduces Mr. F. B. Thurber as a valuable witness. Mr. Thurber, he says, "was the spirited and successful leader of the anti monopoly movement in the Empire State, and was then just as sincere as he is now in his thoughtful and intelligent appreciation of the necessities of combination for the good of the people, as for those more directly concerned." While we were musing on this "oscillation of the pendulum of thought," as Mr. Wiman happily puts it, we received the Prospectus of the North American Salt Company, which says that it is not a Trust, but which seems to be an improved form of Trust intended to evade the laws and court decisions that have been made since Trusts came in fashion, and about the most impudent one of the lot. The Treasurer of this proposed monopoly is H. K. Thurber of Messrs. Thurber, Whyland & Co., wholesale grocers and salt-merchants, a firm of which Mr. F. B. Thurber is a member. It appears, also, that Mr. Wiman himself is engaged to turn over all the salt-producing properties of Canada to this concern. Sufficient reasons are now apparent for the oscillation of Mr. Thurber's pendulum of thought, and also for Mr. Wiman's argument, without going into more abstruse questions. The State of Pennsylvania makes conspiracies of this kind on the part of coal-operators punishable by imprisonment.

THE LANGUAGE PROBLEM IN NORWAY.

With the awakening of the national spirit in Norway made manifest by the constitutional struggle in the Storthing and the unceasing popular propaganda of national independence, has come also a movement for educational reform, a revival of literature, and an increased activity in all branches of intellectual effort. As a necessary corollary to this latter phase of the subject, and corroboratory of it, has arisen, in its turn, a critical scrutiny of the language recognized as the national norm, and out of it, again, has grown a contest but little less bitter than the more generally known political duels which, of late years, from time to time have been fought between the legislative power and the executive.

With linguistic conditions as they exist and have existed in Norway, this result when, finally, an appeal should be made to nationalistic separatism, was almost inevitably sure to follow. Norway, down to the Calmar Union of 1397, had developed her language independently of the other Scandinavian kingdoms, whose speech, although at the beginning nothing more nor less than dialectic variations from a common original, had, nevertheless, before this time, as a result of unlike national growth, struck out into diverging paths of their own. Of them all, the language of Norway, as well as can be judged at the present time, had a condition of the greatest stability and homogeneity, and appears, even at this epoch, to have had a recognized standard of literary expression. Under normal conditions of national development there is good reason to suppose that a language which once, through a process of natural selection, had acquired such a literary precedence, would afterwards be tacitly accepted as authoritative. It would have changed in process of time, as every language changes, even when left to pursue its own course undisturbed by outside political intervention; such changes, moreover, would have been little or great according to circumstances of environment, but always, none the less, would still be in the direction of historical continuity. With the introduction of the Danish sovereignty, however, entered the disturbing cause that prevented the realization of this supposed result, and a state of things came about that has lasted for nearly five centuries and practically prevails to-day.

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Norway, under Danish rule, underwent complete national extinction. There is, at first, from time to time, a flickering spirit of resistance, but there is no trace of concerted action. At last, the process of denationalization was consummated, and Norway was declared, without protest on the part of the Norwegians, to be but a province of Denmark. Even the Reformation failed to arouse her from her lethargy, and not until 1814, in the universal indignation evoked at the cession of Norway to Sweden by the Peace of Kiel, was there evidence of an awakening.

A necessary concomitant of the Danish system of governing was the use of the Danish language as its only means of expression, and, in a time comparatively short, Danish had become not only the official, but also the political, and the only written language of all Norway. With the advent of the Reformation by way of Denmark, Danish again became the language of the Church; and when public instruction was extended in the schools, and literature was once more produced, Danish was naturally, as a result not only of political but of intellectual dependency, doubly, and one would think indelibly, impressed upon the people. Nor is there reason to suppose, as some patriotic Norsemen do, that this result was anything other than an effect of the political connection with Denmark. There are, it is true, at the time of the Calmar Union, already traces of dialectic division and consequent instability in the language of Norway, but that is paralleled in the history of other Teutonic languages which have, nevertheless, maintained themselves in unbroken continuity down to the present day. What rendered the process in this instance comparatively easy was the fact that Danish was in reality but a Scandinavian dialect, differing, after all, only in minor points from the language destined to supplant it. The general apathy with which the change was viewed gives the true clue to the ethics of the case.

The spectacle presented in Norway during all these years has been, from a linguistic point of view, a curious, though not perhaps an unparalleled, one. It is very much what we may suppose to have existed in somewhat similar kind in England after the Conquest, when Norman French was the language of political administration and of polite society, though English never ceased to be spoken by the great majority of the people, and still maintained a vigorous, if homely, existence down about the roots in which were the sources of the subsequent national life. As in England, so in Norway, nothing has materially interfered with the continuity of the national dialects; they have never died out. They have doubtless been influenced by the language of culture, and their natural course of development has been retarded or deflected; new words representing the new ideas of modern civilized life have been in the great majority of cases taken in from Danish, and the comparatively flexionless character of Danish grammar has doubtless exerted in its turn a levelling tendency upon the fuller forms of the dialects. Nevertheless, they have still every right to be considered the living and lively representatives in legitimate descent of the old national language of Norway, which they are entitled to represent should opportunity again make the demand upon them.

The steady persistence of the popular dialects, in the face of the acceptance and use of a language over them, naturally gave rise to still further complications. The fact that the written language, the language of culture and of instruction, was different from the spoken language of every-day life, necessitated, in the case of all but a small minority of the population of Norway, the learning of two languages instead of the one which under ordinary circumstances is sufficient for the usual purposes of communication. Danish, in such cases, was naturally the acquired language; in countless instances, moreover, it was imperfectly acquired, and the cause of popular education has, in past years, beyond a doubt, irremediably suffered by the attempt to impart instruction by means of Danish. To the people themselves, however, is chargeable in great degree the fostering and growth of conditions under which they have as surely been made to suffer. Among themselves they have seemed to consider the language of the dialects good enough. In the presence of others even of their own nationality, a resort, however, has been and is still unerringly made to Norwegian-Danish, and this not necessarily at all from a desire to render themselves more intelligible, but solely from the fear lest they be adjudged less cultivated than they would like to appear.

The formal loosening, in 1814, of the long connection with Denmark, did not materially change existing conditions, as they have been described, either in the spoken or the written language of the land. With the new outburst of patriotism, it not unnaturally became the fashion to characterize as "Norwegian," without much discrimination, almost everything that existed in Norway. The language forms no exception, and we hear to-day of the "Norwegian language," when in point of fact we have but the unbroken perpetuation of the language which the Danes, at the beginning of their sovereignty five hundred years ago, introduced into the country. It is true that the language, as a result of its contact with the popular dialects, has been, in its turn, affected both in pronunciation and vocabulary, and markedly differentiates itself in both respects from the present Danish of Denmark. From its more virile pronunciation and the strong and picturesque expressions that have consciously and unconsciously found their way in from the peasant dialects, it is, in many respects, a better language than Danish; the vocabulary and idiom of Björnson and Ibsen contrasted, wholly aside from the question of intellectual force, with anything produced by their contemporaries in Denmark, abundantly proves, in these latter points, the truth of this assertion. The language they write, however, is "Norwegian" in no other sense than that, for instance, the language of America is "American" and not English.

Norway, then, at the present day has no national language, unless it be found among the spoken dialects of the peasants, and these deviate from each other in a very marked degree. The dialect of the east, for instance, is materially different from the dialect of the west, each, on its own side of the central mountain region, having gone its own way but little influenced by the other; within such broad divisions, again, there are minor subdivisions, and the inhabitant of a certain valley may even reveal to the initiated his place of abode by his speech alone. The result to the nation of such a linguistic condition is perfectly well recognized by the Norwegians themselves, and attempts have been and are strenuously being made to fix upon some one form of language which shall be given official sanction as the national language of Norway, and shall serve, consequently, as the language of all literature, of the State and Church and of public instruction, and ultimately become the one language of the whole people. The way to a realization of a widely wished result has proved, however, to be beset with unanticipated difficulties. While the project of a national language has been actively upheld by the people, and the promoters of the movement have clearly a majority in the Storthing, which has attempted to further it by large money appropriations, the whole question is apparently as far from a settlement as ever. Instead of the necessary unanimity of action, sectional jealousy has arisen between the different parts of the country lest the accepted language should represent the already existing speech of its neighbor more fully than its own. Still worse than this, because among its apostles, if at all, a concerted movement might have been expected, personal animus, not to call it animosity, has arisen between the advocates of the different forms of language submitted as a standard, and, instead of the one needed, a round half-dozen "national languages" have been evolved and become the subject of many a heated polemic in newspapers and brochures.

The movement for a *Landsmaal*, or national language, first found expression in literature as long ago as 1848, when Ivar Aasen wrote a 'Grammar of the Norwegian Folk-Language.' Aasen's grammar is based upon the spoken language of the southwest part of the land, particularly that of Bergens Stift, since that locality seems to him to approach nearest in its pronunciation the written forms of the old language; where the dialects differ, the oldest "westland" form is chosen. Aasen, accordingly, seeks his starting point and his justification in Old Norse, a fact which his critics do not hesitate to use against him. Professor Moltke Moe, for instance, calls attention to what is undeniably a fact, that where weight is laid in this manner upon a connection with the past, the language will represent a preceding period and not the present; that it will be "a sort of Middle Norse and not New-Norse." Aasen's language, called, further, by Professor Joh. Storm of Christiania, in a recent widely noticed book on the subject, "an astonishing work of art," is, nevertheless, the rational and conservative production of a man who had a fine linguistic feeling and a thorough knowledge of his ground. It is classical in form, pure in vocabulary, and picturesque in its mode of expression. Above all, the author has in it struck the true tone of the folk-life of the North, and Storm himself is constrained to add: "One may contend about forms, but the spirit was there." Aasen's first grammar was followed by literary specimens of the new language, reading books, and various translations into it of widely different originals. It has been used, in greater or less purity, by many Norwegian writers—notably by Kristoffer Janson, Henrik Krohn, and Professor Blix.

Aasen's *Landsmaal* was not long left in undisturbed possession of the field. The first important deviation from it was the language used by A. O. Vinje, an author of unmistakable originality and force, who, particularly through the periodical *Dölen*, made an active propaganda for his form of a national language. In the main he follows Aasen; in other points he differs from him materially in that he often uses the dialect of Telemark, especially where its forms more nearly approach Old Norse. Vinje's idea, developed gradually in the course of his work, seems to have been to use exclusively neither "westland" nor "eastland" forms, but a compromise (literally on central ground) that should smooth the way for both, and render less abrupt the transition from one to the other. After Vinje's death, in 1870, the feeling that neither of the proposed forms of a *Landsmaal* was near enough to the

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spoken language of a great part of the land to meet with universal acceptance, seems to have forced itself upon those who were interested in the cause. Fjörtoft of Söndmöre will do away with all old and effete forms, and give currency and authority only to the actual, living forms of the present language. Schjött of Skien takes very much the same stand, and writes a dialect in many respects similar. While both are "westland," Schjött's language has in many points more sharply developed "eastland" characteristics. Garborg and Mortenson, both editors of the journal *Fedraheimen*, in their reading-book make use of a dialect which Storm calls a compromise between Aasen and Vinje. It is "westland" with "eastland" peculiarities, yet not to the extent to which they are found in Fjörtoft and Schjött.

The strife, as thus far represented, has concerned itself only with the dialects of the west and the east. Aasen's language was wholly "westland"; the other proposed forms have one and all had "eastland" characteristics as well, and other writers on the subject, notably K. Knudsen, demand still further representation, if it is desired to make the *Landsmaal* the real language of the land. To complicate the matter, northern Norway now puts forward its claims to consideration, and two forms, different only in minor points, of the dialect of the district about Trondhjem have been presented as a *Landsmaal* by Ivar and O. J. Höyem respectively. Although this Trond dialect seems to have met with but scant general favor, it has, however, acquired an extraordinary importance in the history of the struggle for a national language from the fact that the Storthing made an appropriation of several thousand crowns to provide for the free distribution of O. J. Höyem's 'Sacred and Church History' throughout Norway.

At the present day, the question as to what shall constitute the *Landsmaal* seems as far from settlement as ever. What has really been accomplished is a survey of the field and a more or less complete realization of the magnitude and difficulty of the proposed task. If it has not yet been determined what the national speech shall be, it has, on the other hand, been pretty well decided what it shall not be. In the meantime, suggested forms of a common language are becoming more numerous even than has been pointed out, and what is most remarkable is the fact emphasized by Professor Storm, that scarcely a single grammatical form has been proposed concerning which there is complete unanimity. A real *Landsmaal*, then, thus far does not exist. The dialects exist, but the only national language, the only form of speech common to all Norway, is, and apparently will long remain, the Norwegian-Danish, which this movement so anxiously desires to supplant. The attitude of the Government in the matter is, from a distance, inconsistent and not wholly intelligible. As long ago as 1885 the School Commission proposed that "the *Landsmaal* and the literary language [*i. e.*, Norwegian-Danish] shall be placed upon an equal footing in instruction in the common schools of the land." It, however, neglects to specify which one of the many proposed forms of the *Landsmaal* is intended to be used, and leaves the matter in as great confusion as before.

Although unanimity of action would seem to be a first vital step towards the realization of the desired end, it would neither be under the circumstances the only one necessary, nor would it be unconditionally indicative of success even if it should ultimately result. Wherever in the past a dialect has been elevated from among its fellows to the rank of a national speech, it has been almost universally the result of political and intellectual conquest. In Germany there was, perhaps, nothing of either; but Luther's wise choice of an existing dialect at a time when there was still no common language, but when a whole nation hung eagerly upon the solution of a single question, gave it an irresistible precedence in that it identified itself with the cause as its visible expression, and its success was assured in the success of the Reformation. A language cannot be evolved in cold-blooded deliberation or be promulgated even by popular fiat. In order that a real Norwegian language shall come to take its place among the national languages of the world, some new revolution, social, political, or religious, must bring a form of speech that occasion has evolved prominently into the foreground as the exponent of its message. Or, this wanting, some new prophet of the people must arise whose language, because of the ideas it conveys, shall be looked up to as the standard of a common expression.

BRITISH POLITICS.

LONDON, July 10.

ANY one who tries to get at the real condition of British politics by inquiries made in London, now that the Parliamentary session is drawing to a close and the Parnell Commission has heard all the evidence, finds himself surrounded with difficulties. I have talked a good deal with politicians on both sides during the past few weeks, without meeting one who was not satisfied that, on the home-rule question at least, his own side was rapidly gaining ground. But ever since the huge blunder of 1880, when every Conservative in London was satisfied, beyond any manner of doubt, that the country was overwhelmingly in favor of Lord Beaconsfield's policy, one cannot help distrusting the gentlemen who rely on what they hear in London clubs and drawing-rooms, or on newspapers whose editors get their inspiration from the same source. The Gladstonians labor under no such discredit, and although they are not always able to give in facts and figures a reason for the faith that is in them, they are able to make a good show in the matter of probabilities. Many of them do not feel as jubilant over "the bye-elections" as Mr. Gladstone does, but they say with much plausibility that Balfour's policy in Ireland is disgusting the workingmen, to whom the Irish tenants are not tenants, but poor men, the landlords not landlords, but rich men, and the Irish land question is a conflict between labor relying on combination and capital backed up by the army and the police. I have been assured by two at least of the most candid and impartial men in the Gladstonian ranks, whose means of observation are unusually good, that these things are telling on the voters, especially in the north; that enthusiasm for home rule, as the cause of the poor and lowly, is rapidly growing in the country districts. They are never tired of repeating that if you want to know how public opinion is running, you must read not the London, but the country papers, foremost among which they put the Manchester *Guardian*.

I cannot find any one ready to assert positively that the *Times* has suffered in circulation through its Pigott blunder. It has several holds on the public in and around London which hardly any editorial blunder could shake. One is its advertisements. There is hardly any want in English life which is not best made known through its columns. Its Parliamentary reports, too, are by far the best, and the value of this can hardly be appreciated without remembering that Parliament is the one legislature of the empire, and that it contains in one branch or other a considerable proportion of the most eminent men in the country, whose sayings and doings are watched with eager interest from one end of the kingdom to the other. Though last not least, when any person of note wants to communicate with the public about anything, he "writes to the *Times*," no matter what may be his opinion of its morals and manners; and people of note here still write directly letters to the newspapers over their own names without, as with us, sending for a reporter and having themselves interviewed. I notice, also, that the custom of "having their attention called" to some things in the newspapers is not so common here as in America among great men. They admit unblushingly that they had seen it themselves without having it pointed out to them. These advantages all protect the circulation of the *Times* now, and will probably protect it fairly for an indefinite period.

Whether it has lost influence and authority through the Parnell business is another matter; nothing can be proved on such a question. Among the Gladstonians and Radicals generally, of course, its influence and authority are utterly ruined. But, unless human nature is greatly changed, they must be either destroyed or generally diminished among other classes also. The *Times* during the first sixty years of its existence owed a great deal to the mystery which surrounded the management. Very few knew who owned or edited it. Mr. Delane may be said to have been the first editor who threw the veil aside, and presented himself in society as the great being who furnished the tradesmen and the clubs with their daily opinions. But he was a very shrewd and capable man. He kept his thoughts very much to himself. In society, I am told, he was famed for his skill in encouraging people to talk without saying much himself, and making his scanty utterances weighty. His successor, Mr. Chenery, known to some of his ribald contemporaries as "The Arabian," on account of his attainments as an Arabic scholar, was unfit both in training and temperament for the management of a political journal, and one of the ways in which he showed this was his volubility in company. He got very little from the people he met, I am told, because he gave them but little chance of talking—a very unfortunate weakness for an editor. The present editor, every one says, is really Mr. Walter himself, the principal proprietor, Mr. Buckle being put in the place mainly on account of his youth and inexperience. But the light thrown on the management of the paper by the Parnell Commission shows clearly that the arrangement is not a good one. Nothing could have brought out its weakness more clearly than the Irish question, for the Walter family are said to have hated the Irish most cordially for three generations, and hatred of any class or tribe is a very treacherous thing for an editor. At all events, it has finally brought the Walter family to terrible grief by exposing their *arcana imperii*. I doubt if so great astonishment and mortification has overtaken Londoners in modern times as came from the discovery that the great "we" under whose rule they had lived in great mental peace for a century was composed of Mr. Soames, a country solicitor, whom Mr. Walter brought to town to contend with that prince of practitioners, Mr. George Lewis—Mr. Macdonald, the exceedingly droll manager, who thought it took

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three men to write all Parnellite letters—and Mr. Walter himself, whom nobody ever suspected of astuteness; that 'Parnellism and Crime' was written by a briefless barrister named Flanagan, so carelessly that it has been torn to pieces in every direction by the evidence before the Commission; and that the author of the famous anti-Irish articles in the paper was an obscure Cork Orangeman named Wilson, for whose opinions on the question, delivered *in propria persona*, nobody would give what the Duke of Wellington used to call "a tuppenny damn." There has been nothing like this revelation to the average London business man since the little girl discovered that her doll was stuffed with sawdust.

All these things must be taken into account in trying to form an estimate of the future of the Gladstonians. The discredit which has overtaken the *Times* is undoubtedly a great help to them. It has given them hopes of great gains in London at the next election, for London went heavily against them at the last; and these hopes are undoubtedly stimulated by the success and influence among the workingmen of T. P. O'Connor's paper, the *Star*. It is a kind of newspaper that middle-class Englishmen detest—slangy, personal, and sensational; but the writing in it is able and effective, and it has an enormous circulation and great weight among the now formidable but formerly much despised class of wage-earners in eastern London. That it can handle serious questions effectively was shown in the support it gave Sir Thomas Farrer in his attack on the Sugar Convention. Baron de Worms's silly scheme received no more destructive blows from any quarter than Sir Thomas administered through its columns.

One hears here, and I heard before I came here, a great deal about the bitterness of feeling existing between the Home-Rulers and the Conservatives; but it is difficult for a passing observer to come on any tangible signs of it. The old men say there has been nothing like it since the passage of the first Reform Bill, but one would have to live in English society and be part of it to get proofs of its existence. Social warfare is very obscure and subtle when carried on between well-bred people. When one sees Gladstonians and Liberal Unionists and Tories together, as I have done on several occasions, there is apparently no want of cordiality in their relations. All the forms of mutual liking and respect are fairly well observed. If you ask how the mutual dislike is shown, you are probably told that it appears in the diminished number of dinners or balls of "smart people" to which Gladstonians are invited, for it must be admitted that although there are a good many "smart" Gladstonians, probably four-fifths of the smartness is to be found among their opponents. The latter have consequently ways of punishing Home-Rulers by leaving them out of their social entertainments, and their "Saturday to Monday" parties in the country houses, which the Home-Ruler finds it difficult either to resent or avenge. He perceives that he and his wife are not asked to houses in which they used to be welcome, and he guesses the reason why, but he cannot openly take notice of it. All he can do is to retaliate, and if there were more smart Gladstonians, retaliation might be effective; but, as matters stand, he is obliged to take refuge in most cases in religion or philosophy.

This kind of political warfare, too, is wonderfully aided in London by the social struggle, or, in other words, by the desire of everybody who stands high in the social hierarchy to keep those below him from rising, and by the desire of these latter to conciliate him and get him to let them join him up at the top. That Darwin never used London society as an illustration of the struggle for existence is a curious omission. The fierce competition which goes on in it gives the party which gets the smart people on its side an immense advantage. It is told of Lady Palmerston, who used to be one of the leaders of society here, and took great pains to keep it very select by throwing her doors open to rank, character, and intellect only, that, after the extension of the franchise in 1867, she was compelled to let down the bars. The new men who then came to the House of Commons wanted invitations for themselves and their wives, and the whips reported that unless they got them the Ministry could not have their votes. This sort of connection between society and politics is now stronger than ever. Opinions, especially on the Irish question, are just as much subject to fashion as clothes or furniture. Everybody who wants to be considered smart or to be on good footing with smart people has to oppose Gladstone's plan for "breaking up the empire," and to denounce "the old man" himself with more or less bitterness. The frankness with which this bitterness is expressed is often very amusing. I met with a country squire recently who declared it would give him pleasure to "hang the old fellow with his own hands"; and a lady told a friend of mine of the eagerness with which she looked in the paper every morning for news of his death. Talking to a man of high standing in the intellectual world the other day, I spoke of Mr. Gladstone's flexibility of mind as something marvellous at his years, not supposing that he cared much about Gladstone's mind, when, to my astonishment, he burst forth with, "Yes, and the old villain's conscience is just as flexible." It must be said that the Gladstonians as a rule receive these ebullitions with mild amusement, which nobody can help sharing who knows the object of them. His gentleness and indifference to attacks on him, and apparent ignorance of them, give them a slight air of bouffe to the casual observer. He may have points of provocation about him which are felt by those engaged in daily encounters with him, but to the mere passer-by it seems as if the furious hostility to him must be feigned.

THE RECONSTITUTION OF FRANCE.

PARIS, July 12, 1889.

COUNT CHAUDORDY began his diplomatic career long ago, under the Empire; he was for some time attached as Chief of the Cabinet to M. Drouyn de Lhuys, who was Napoleon III.'s ablest Minister of Foreign Affairs, and who had preserved all the traditions of our Foreign Office. In the war of 1870, M. de Chaudordy followed the Government of the National Defence, as it called itself, to Tours, and afterwards to Bordeaux. He had not much to do during the war, and had not many illusions as to the result of the journey of M. Thiers, when he went about Europe looking for an alliance. He was chosen deputy to the Constituant Assembly, and, though circumstances had brought him in contact with Gambetta, he took his place among the conservatives of the Assembly. He was, at Versailles, one of the deputies who struggled against the Commune, and he did not disguise at the time his desire to see the reëstablishment of the monarchy. In a book which he has just published, and which has attracted much notice, he says:

"M. Thiers could have created the monarchy at Versailles. His personal influence, the authority which recent events had given to him, rendered this work easy. If the Comte de Chambord had refused to take the crown under the conditions fixed by the National Assembly, M. Thiers would have remained Regent of the kingdom. Negotiated under these circumstances, the peace of 1871 would have been less hard for France. M. Thiers preferred to create the Republic. Many monarchists, having too much confidence in him, aided him in this enterprise. They had forgotten his past, and remembered only his opposition to Napoleon III. Thus was lost the best opportunity which has offered itself of reëstablishing the legitimate monarchy, for, at that time, the Bonapartists were reduced to complete impotence."

M. de Chaudordy was not among those who had too much confidence in M. Thiers; he never believed in the declarations of Bordeaux, where M. Thiers swore before God and man to remain impartial between the republican and the monarchical parties, and to favor personally no particular solution of the political problem. He was among the most moderate but the most determined adversaries of M. Thiers, and he gave all his support to the Government of Marshal MacMahon, his successor. At the present time he believes that France must accept the Republic. He sums up his ideas in these words, which I extract from his book, 'La France en 1889':

"In short, monarchy would be the form of government best suited to France, but it could not maintain itself, by reason of the existence of the Bonapartist party and the democratic condition of the country. The Empire, having its support in the principle of authority, would be better fitted to struggle against the exigencies of democracy; but, by its very nature, it leads the country sooner or later to a catastrophe. The Republic is, therefore, the government to which we must submit. But the weakness of the present system leads us to radicalism."

M. de Chaudordy would like to bring us back to the situation which existed under Marshal MacMahon. He thinks that in France, owing to the obligatory military service and to other circumstances, the moderate men of all parties will sooner or later unite and place at the head of the State a general having authority over the army and over the nation. "If not," he says, "the spirit of indiscipline will proceed from the people to the army; disorder will be the consequence, and we shall have a vulgar dictator, who will be a danger at home as well as abroad."

The National Assembly at Versailles did four things which must be placed to its credit: (1.) It imposed taxes to pay the expenses of the war and the German indemnity; and, notwithstanding these great burdens, it assured the equilibrium of the budget, and established a sinking fund. (2.) It conquered the Commune, and transported to distant parts its principal leaders. (3.) Notwithstanding the resistance of M. Thiers, it suppressed the National Guard, a militia without discipline, and an instrument of revolution. (4.) It placed the seat of the Government out of Paris, and delivered the Assembly from the tyranny of the mob.

If we look at the present moment, we find that the seat of government is in Paris; the most guilty members of the Commune have been pardoned, and many of them are in high places, some even occupy diplomatic posts; the equilibrium of the budget is destroyed, and the state of our finances alarms all thinking men; a new military law has just been passed, which reëstablishes the National Guard in a new guise. We shall soon have, instead of true soldiers, an armed people, with dangerous and undisciplined elements, and it is no secret that this new militia has in reality been created merely in order to force young priests into the ranks of the army. It is a part of our *Culturkampf*, of the great struggle which began when Gambetta said: "Clericalism is our true enemy." Religious persecution has divided

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France into two halves, which are now irreconcilable; it has entered every school, every tribunal, every household. Who has profited by this great war? Only the radicals and Gen. Boulanger.

The changes which M. de Chaudordy proposes to make in the Constitution are the following:

(1.) He would allow the right of suffrage only to citizens above the age of twenty-five instead of twenty-one.

(2.) The Departments should vote for their Senators according to the present system; but he would add to the present Senatorial electors all the members of the Municipal Council.

(3.) The number of the Deputies should be limited to 500, and the duration of the sessions restricted.

(4.) The election of the President should take place in the Congress, as it does now, but the electors should be, besides the Senators and Deputies, about 100 delegates of the Councils General.

(5) The Presidential term should be, as it is now, for seven years, but reëlection should be prohibited except after an interval.

(6.) The President should have the free choice of his Ministers.

(7.) The Ministers should not participate in the deliberations of the Chambers; they should not retire in consequence of a vote of the Chambers, but must execute their will.

(8.) Commissioners, appointed by the President of the Republic on the nomination of the Ministers, should be at times charged to give explanations to the Chambers.

(9.) The Council of State should have the care of the preparation of the laws.

(10.) A special Council, composed of members of the Council of State and of the Court of Cassation, should verify, validate, or invalidate contested elections.

You see in this programme an approach to the American Constitution, which M. de Chaudordy professes to admire; it is becoming more and more a sort of axiom that while ministerial responsibility and the collective responsibility of a Cabinet are a necessity under the system of constitutional monarchy, a democratic republic requires, on the contrary, the independence of the Ministers and their selection by the President. At the present moment our Cabinets are too short-lived. As they represent only the prevailing coterie of the Chamber, they generally owe their existence to a coalition which cannot last and does not last. Such a system brings into ministerial life individuals totally unknown to the nation, without experience, without talent, and often without morality.

The defects of the system have never been better shown than during the last few days. If a foreigner, after ascending the Eiffel Tower and going through all the amusements of the Exhibition, should have the curiosity to enter the Chamber of Deputies, he would hear nothing but what we call interpellations. Every day some particular Minister is brought to account, some new scandal is revealed, some new act of corruption, fraud, venality is denounced. I do not like to cite names, but those who read the debates of our Chambers must know that three of our present Cabinet Ministers are under the gravest imputations, and that they have as yet very imperfectly cleared their reputations.

"To-day," says M. de Chaudordy, "the nation, seeing that the Chambers are split into groups of politicians, that individualism rules instead of patriotism, that radicalism, with all its dangers and horrors, is ready to profit by the faults of the most moderate parties, is alarmed. The Exhibition covers up these alarms for a while, but the Exhibition is, after all, an accidental event. It gives France a sense of her intrinsic value, of her productive capacity; it is not an institution; it does not change the nature of the political difficulties."

M. de Chaudordy speaks well of Carnot, who is personally honest, and who fulfils the Presidential duties, in a social sense, much better than M. Grévy. "But," he says, "he has not the necessary authority and energy. We need a personality more powerful, more decided, less accessible to the considerations of detail and to the influences of political groups; not having been mixed hitherto with parties, which are a dissolvent. In order to make a national work, that is to say, to reconstitute the country, we ought to place at the head of the State, with more effective powers, a chief of the army with an unimpeachable record."

Thus ends the first part of the book of M. de Chaudordy; the second part, which is perhaps the most interesting, is devoted to French policy abroad, and to the situation of France in the midst of Europe. M. de Chaudordy is familiar with the diplomatic society of all countries, and he writes on this subject with more authority than on the questions which affect the domestic policy.

FROM NIFFER TO TELLO.—I.

DRESDEN, July 2, 1889.

THE country between Niffer, the site at which our American expedition has been conducting excavations this past winter, and Tello, which the French Consul-General at Baghdad, M. de Sarzec, has rendered famous by his discoveries of sculptures and inscriptions from the earliest period of Babylonian civilization, has been visited more than once by explorers, but never fully described. On Kiepert's large map of the Ottoman empire a few ruins and canal lines are indicated, following stray notices of different travellers, and particularly the valuable little map attached to Loftus's work on Chaldea and Susiana, bearing the date of 1856; but the greater part of the region is a blank. Not only are no proper maps to be had: it was with difficulty we found a guide who knew the country, and who could tell whether the route was practicable, or even how many days we should require for the trip. Then we could find no muleteer who was willing to accompany us. At length the undertaker, if I may so call him, who carries the bodies of devout Affek to be buried in the sacred city of Meshed Ali or Nejef, beyond the Euphrates, agreed to provide us with two animals for a compensation at least double that which we should have paid under other circumstances. At the last we started on an hour's notice, forgetting, in our hurry, our very knives and spoons, so that we were compelled to accept without compromise both the hospitality and the customs of the Arabs. Our party consisted besides myself of Bedry Bey, the Turkish commissioner of excavations, a guide, two *zaptiyeh* (gens d'armes), and a muleteer, and we carried no baggage save that which could be placed on ridden horses.

It was Saturday afternoon, March 30, when we started. At Niffer the weather was intensely hot, the thermometer registering over 100° in the tents; the mounds were treeless, glaring and barren, and there was a constant storm of dust. In contrast with this the twilight boat-ride through the Affek marshes was like a trip to paradise. The canals were beds of fragrant white ranunculus, through which we were poled in long, narrow boats. The air was cool and still; frogs croaked on all sides, birds flew out of the tall reeds, and buffaloes grunted, lazily declining to return home in answer to the summons of their masters on the bank. Now and then we passed the reed village and mud-walled fortress of an Affek subchief, or even a garden of palm-trees and figs. All was beautified by new life in pleasant contrast with the ancient death of Niffer.

These marshes are part of the country of the Affek (pronounced Affej) nation. There is a confederacy of six tribes, of which the Affek are the chief, and it may well be compared in every respect (except that the natural ability of the Arabs is greater) with the Indian confederacy of the Six Nations once existing in New York. The Affek are almost sessile, irrigating and cultivating the land in a rude manner, but extremely warlike and turbulent, and very restive under Turkish rule—in fact, more than half independent of that rule. They are a fine-looking people, the finest-looking Arabs I have seen, with intelligent, attractive faces, of what I should suppose to be a pure Semitic type.

We spent the night at the Affek capital, Shatt-el-Husein, close to the village of Sukh-el-Affek, which is to be found on Kiepert's maps. These villages, with their palm-trees and reed huts, are exactly like the illustrations of African villages which one often sees. Our host was the brother of the great chief of the Affek confederation, Haji Tarfa. The latter is a rich man, worth, it is said, several hundred thousand dollars; and for greater security, it may be, or for some other reason best known to himself, he now resides on a domain of the Sultan beyond the Euphrates, rarely visiting his tribe. In the night the weather changed suddenly, and continued so cool during the whole period of our absence that, having come unprepared for such an eventuality, we actually suffered from cold. When I awoke in the morning, I counted nine coffee-pots on or about the fire, through which, so to speak, the coffee was gradually being reduced to its quintessence. My breakfast consisted of two swallows of this powerful quintessence of coffee, which had undergone, I do not know how many boilings. No Arab coffee-maker that I have seen can be induced to put more than a small spoonful of coffee, perhaps slightly flavored with myrrh, in the cup at once; but a guest of distinction is entitled to two or three such cups, one immediately after the other.

From Shatt-el-Husein we continued our journey on horseback. Our general course was southeast. In half-an-hour we had passed the cultivated land and entered a wilderness sparsely covered with tamarisk and camel-thorn. This serves as pasturage for sheep and camels, which, I was told, are driven as far as possible into the interior at this season, to avoid enumeration and taxation by the Turkish authorities. After a ride of some eight miles, we reached the mound of Delehem. This had been described by the Arabs as a ruin of much importance, and apparently former explorers had heard the same report, for it is to be found on Kiepert's map, and Dr. Ward, in the report of the Wolfe expedition, expresses much regret that he was unable to visit it. It is in reality a mound of small size, but, owing to its shape, conspicuous from a distance. There are two hills connected by a narrow ridge, the higher of the two forty or fifty feet in height, rising abruptly from the plain, and to the east and north of these is a low flat mound, perhaps a dozen feet in height, the whole covering a very small surface. We found there three wells of brick laid in bitumen, resembling those found at Tello, and a few potsherds, apparently fragments of clay coffins and other funeral ware. There are in the immediate neighborhood several other mounds of equal or greater extent,

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not noted on the maps. From all that I could learn by inquiry among the neighboring Arabs and inspection of their treasures, these all seem to contain graves, the contents of which, in the shape of beads and other ornaments, resemble the contents of some of those found at Niffer.

About one o'clock, after a journey of less than fifteen miles, we were obliged to stop for the night at a camp of El-Budeir Arabs, because we had reached the limits of the water supply from the Euphrates, and the next water was a day's journey beyond. The El-Budeir are at present a poor, half-wandering tribe, depending chiefly on their flocks of sheep and goats for their support. They have one permanent village with a small plantation of palm-trees, visible from Delehem, but the greater part of the tribe live in tents. Their country is dotted, however, with the remains of mud forts and even of mud villages. These, together with numerous dry beds of irrigation canals and other signs of quite recent cultivation, seemed to confirm their own statement that they and their land have been ruined by the recent change of course of the Euphrates. They still continue to cultivate wherever, by canal irrigation or chance inundations, they can obtain the water which alone is necessary to render this alluvial desert fertile; but under such conditions they are rapidly reverting to the Beduin state. Their relations to the Affek are friendly and almost dependent; but a couple of weeks after my visit, war broke out between the two because the Affek, lying between the El-Budeir and the Euphrates, held the water of the canals to flood their marshes, refusing to cut the dams, to the great detriment of the El-Budeir, who could plant no crops, and barely find water, or rather mud, enough for themselves and their flocks to drink. Wars arising from such quarrels regarding the irrigation canals are of frequent occurrence among all the tribes along the rivers, and I should think that in ancient times similar wars must have been even more frequent.

Two hours beyond this camp were the large mounds of Bismya. These are extensive, but not high, consisting of several long, low hills, almost parallel to one another, with half-filled valleys between. I found no glass nor glazed pottery there, and my general impression, from a cursory examination, was that this is probably an ancient site not used nor built upon in the later post-Babylonian period. It is sufficiently extensive to have been a city of importance. But it must be said that judgments based merely on a cursory examination are of very little value until confirmed by the test of excavation. At present it would be difficult to conduct excavations at Bismya on account of the lack of water and the unsettled condition of the country, which is almost out of reach of the Turkish authorities.

The most important point which I have to notice in connection with Bismya is that it lies on the Shatt-en-Nil. This old canal has been a source of infinite trouble, and no two geographers seem to locate it in quite the same place. It was one of the most important canals in all Irak, and its course must have determined the location of more than one important city of Babylonian antiquity. Such a rôle does it play that Prof. Fried. Delitzsch, in his 'Wo lag das Paradies?' (it will be remembered that he locates Eden in Babylonia), identifies it with the river Gihon (Gen. ii. 13). It left the Euphrates at Babylon, and, according to the notices in ancient writers, seems to have joined the Tigris somewhere about the departure of the present Shatt-el-Haï. But, if this be so, the name adheres, nevertheless, to a large canal which is found at Niffer, and apparently, also, in the neighborhood of Warka (ancient Erech) and Sinkareh (ancient Larsam), and which must, therefore, have rejoined the Euphrates, or else joined the Shatt-el-Haï almost at its junction with the Euphrates. Loftus, Delitzsch, and others, in their maps of the country, have therefore assigned to it a southerly course after leaving Niffer. I found it, however, to the southeast of Niffer at Bismya, and later losing itself in the sandhills in the neighborhood of the three important ruins of Yokhah, El-Hammam, and Umm-el-Akarib. I regret to say that I could find no guide who was able to trace its course back step by step from Yokhah to Niffer, and I was not myself prepared to make the attempt to do so; but I hope that this may be done next season. Delitzsch, in the work above quoted (p. 221), speaks of Niffer as "am östlichen Ufer des Nil-Kanals." But what is known at Niffer as the Nil is a great depression running through the mounds from north to south and dividing them into two main parts, and a second depression, at right angles to this, dividing the eastern portion of the mound again into a northern and a southern half. To the north of Niffer I was able to trace the old canal-bed for some distance, but no one seemed able to point out any traces of its course immediately after leaving Niffer, whether to the east or south.

The desert between the El-Budeir camp and the country of the Montefik (pronounced Montefij) was said to be full of marauders, and therefore, for greater security, we took with us the brother of the chief in whose camp we had been staying. The waterless region between the present extreme limits of Euphrates and those of Tigris canal irrigation proved to be about twenty miles at its narrowest point. There was a time, not long since, when this region was at least partially irrigated and cultivated, and fresh-water shells, left by inundations of the rivers or canals, are visible everywhere; but now, owing to lack of water, it is an utter desert. We passed a number of old canal beds and ruin mounds, or *tels*, none, however, of the first importance. One long line of hills, called El-Harif, and presumably representing an old canal, was said to run from Niffer to the Shatt-el-Haï, and I think that it may have been a part of the old Nil Canal. We also observed in this region very extensive hills and fields of fine white sand. Loftus and Layard speak of these sand-hills in Irak as increasing rapidly, and likely, within a few generations, utterly to overwhelm the country. This prophecy has not yet been realized, and I think the increase of the sand-hills, if increase there has been, has at least been slower than they expected; nevertheless, there are here and elsewhere in Irak enormous quantities of this sand. Immediately to the north of Niffer were large fields of it, constantly shifting place and form; but from my observations there I should suppose that, much as it is blown about, it yet maintains a certain approximative permanence of position. It is generally supposed to have come in from the desert to the west, across the Euphrates and the great marshes of Nejef. I should think it possible that in some measure at least it is a natural product of the alluvial soil, and is, as it were, the chaff of that soil, separated by the wind when and where the ground is parched and destitute of vegetation. Whether this be the case or not, I think it probable, as is ordinarily assumed, that it is a recent appearance, since irrigation has ceased and the land become a desert, and that in the days when Babylonia was rich and populous these sand-hills did not exist.

We reached Tigris water first in the shape of a marsh formed by the Mejidieh, a canal not given on the maps, which leaves the Tigris, I was told, a little above the point of departure of the Shatt-el-Haï. About these marshes were camps of several sub-tribes of the Montefik, among others the Bene Temim, in whose tents we rested and refreshed ourselves at noon. They were feeling poor because another Montefik sub-tribe, the Ez-Zefih, had just robbed them of sixty she asses and two mares. From the Mejidieh marshes to the cultivated land along the borders of the Shatt-el-Haï proved to be another stretch of waterless, barren desert, about eighteen miles in breadth, a roaming ground of Montefik Beduin and marauders. This region must have been very rich in the ancient times, when the land was well watered, and to the south of our route especially lay several important mounds, of which hereafter. It was after six o'clock Monday, April 1, when, having been piloted through the numerous and intricate canals which irrigate the broad grain fields by the border of the Shatt-el-Haï, we reached an encampment of the Bene Rechab on the borders of that stream, or rather canal, some four hours above the Turkish town of Shatra, and about fifty miles almost due southeast from Niffer.

JOHN P. PETERS.

Correspondence.

WITCH-BURNING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If "F. D. H." will turn to Bancroft's nineteenth chapter, he will find that New England did indeed hang, not burn, her witches. During that outburst of superstition at Salem which cost twenty lives, Noyes, the minister, pointed exultingly to where the bodies of eight of the victims swung, saying: "There hang eight firebrands of hell."

Hawthorne, in the 'House of the Seven Gables,' makes Maule, "at the moment of execution, with the halter about his neck," curse Col. Pyncheon: "God will give him blood to drink." He elsewhere pictures an elm as blasted and dead through the awful burden its branches were made to bear at that dark time. But nowadays persons generally speak of witch-burnings, perhaps because that mode of undoing seems to them more æsthetic than hanging. A few years ago, a short New England story, by Brander Matthews, appeared in *Harper's*, of which the motive was a never-dying fire kindled by a brand brought from a witch's burning, and kept alive by family hatred, until the long feud was quenched in love of youth and maiden, when the flame flickered and died.

Since our New England ancestors did burn human beings, albeit black, I think it makes small difference, on the score of greater or less iniquity, that they hung the witches instead of burning them, but it is as well that their descendants should be accurate about the matter. Besides the haziness as to the mode, I think the common belief exaggerates the number of executions. Apart from the twenty who were hanged at Salem, five more suffered at other times and places in Massachusetts, according to Hutchinson's 'History of New England,' and three were condemned in Connecticut; but the same authority holds that there is reason to believe that two escaped, making the total number twenty-six. The annals of the Plymouth Colony and of Rhode Island are free from such a stain, and Pennsylvania acquitted the one witch brought to trial in her dominion, while I believe there is but one authentic record of an execution in Virginia.

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The accused were mainly women; and, in the matter of negro-burnings, those old Puritans showed a ghastly gallantry, sending the women to the flames, the men to the gallows.

J. C. N.

CINCINNATI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent "F. D. H." is undoubtedly right as to the absence of witch-*burning* in New England; but he is wrong, is he not? in his impression that, "at the period referred to, they were so put to death in the mother country." Was it not precisely because they were not burned in the mother country that they were not burned in New England?

In its form, indeed, the terse Massachusetts law of 1641—"If any Man or Woman be a Witch (that is, hath or consulteth with a familiar Spirit), they shall be put to Death"—is clearly a reminiscence of the Mosaical legislation; but it fails to prescribe the penalty, and the penalty took the form customary in England. Later than the middle ages there was no burning of witches in England. The first law on the subject in the English statute-book—in 1541, under Henry VIII.—prescribed only that the crime of witchcraft "shall be deemed, accepted, and adjudged felony," and that the offender "shall have and suffer such pains of death, loss, and forfeitures . . . as in the case of felony." The milder law of Elizabeth, in 1562, which provides only imprisonment and the pillory for the first offence, unless death has been caused, stipulates likewise that the hardened witch "shall suffer pains of death as a felon." And even when witch-hating Scotch Jamie, fresh from his torturings and burnings beyond the border, came to the English throne, in 1603, and at once turned his ponderous wits to the framing of a sharper statute, he left the penalty still defined only by the phrase "pains of death as a felon." Now this, in England as in New England, throughout the "witch-burning stage," was taken to mean simple hanging.

Yet "witch-burning stage" is surely the proper phrase; for everywhere else in Christendom—if not in the mother country, yet in all the fatherlands—not only on the Continent, in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Scandinavia, but in Scotland and Ireland as well, witches were burned—not always alive: they were often, especially during the seventeenth century, first mercifully strangled or otherwise done to death before the fire reached them. But, alive or dead, burned the witch must be. It was not, as in the case of arson which you cite, a rude attempt to suit the penalty to the crime. Burning for witchcraft was a legacy from the Inquisition. Witchcraft was devotion to the devil, and so heresy, and heresy must be punished by fire. Magicians had been burned, indeed, as far back as under the Roman law—the Roman law in the hands of Christian emperors; but this had been long half-forgotten when the scrupulous conscience of the mediæval Church discovered that burning is not the shedding of blood, and that to commend heretics to the secular arm for such merciful anticipation of the flames beyond the grave was but in the true spirit of the Gospel to cast into the fire the withered branches that abode not in the vine. Before the end of the fifteenth century, for witchcraft as for heresy, the stake had found its way hence into nearly every code of Europe. Even England itself, where, in 1407, Henry IV. put the suppression of sorcery into the hands of the bishops, saw before the Reformation more than one witch-burning.

Nor, though our own "witch-burning stage" is happily gone by, is witch-burning wholly a thing of the distant past. The last witch was legally burned in Great Britain in 1722, and it is now more than a century since the courts of the Continent punished their latest victims; but the last quarter-century has seen witches perish, at the hands of popular superstition and frenzy, in Russia, in France, and in England. The latest (as yet) judicial witch-burnings known to history took place not quite a dozen years ago in Mexico. Nay, twice at least within the last year or two, if one may trust the newspapers, the law has had to intervene for the protection of witches in New Mexico and in Colorado. It is not a year since the London *Times* announced the opening of a witch prosecution in Austrian Poland. And not four months ago our own dailies brought tidings of a complaint of bewitchment preferred against a villager in eastern New York. Can any of your readers tell me of other modern instances?

G. L. B.

THE WHITE LIBRARY, CORNELL UNIVERSITY,
July 16, 1889.

EMERSON'S FREE-TRADE VIEWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your recent review of 'Emerson in Concord,' I do not recall any reference to the following passage, which is quite complete in itself, and which treats the subject in hand with the ability that is begotten of simplicity:

"The scholar is bound to stand for all the virtues and all the liberties—liberty of trade, liberty of the press, liberty of religion—and he should open all the prizes of success and all the roads of nature to free competition.

"I have no knowledge of trade. There is not a sciolist who cannot shut my mouth and my understanding by strings of facts that seem to prove the wisdom of tariffs. But my faith in freedom of trade as the rule returns always. If the Creator has made oranges, coffee, and pineapples in Cuba and refused them to Massachusetts, I cannot see why we should put a fine on the Cubans for bringing these to us—a fine so heavy as to enable Massachusetts men to build costly palm houses and glass conservatories under which to coax these poor plants to ripen under our hard skies, and thus discourage the poor planter from sending them to gladden the very cottages here. We punish the planter there and punish the consumer here for adding these benefits to life. Tax opium, tax poisons, tax brandy, gin, wine, hasheesh, tobacco, and whatever articles of pure luxury, but not healthy and delicious food."

WILLIAM H. MAYHEW.

URBANA, O., July 17, 1889.

Notes.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS foreshadow their autumn publications by announcing 'Tales from the Korea,' collected and translated by Henry N. Allen, Secretary of the Corean Legation; 'A Race with the Sun,' a trip round the globe by Carter H. Harrison, ex-Mayor of Chicago; 'The Industrial Progress of the Nation: Consumption Limited, Production Unlimited,' by Edward Atkinson—a large octavo; 'A Woman's War Record, 1861-1865,' by Mrs. Gen. Charles H. T. Collis; 'Lectures on Russian Literature,' by Ivan Panin; 'Christian Theism; its Claims and Sanctions,' by Prof. D. P. Purinton, of West Virginia University; 'The Modern Chess Instructor,' by W. Steinitz; 'The Story of the Hansa Towns,' by Helen Zimmern; and 'The Practical Pocket Dictionary,' in English, French, German, and Italian.

Early in August, Macmillan & Co. expect to publish an edition of Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales,' annotated by John Saunders, with a description of English life in the poet's time, and with illustrations from the Ellesmere MSS.—a volume of some 600 pages; also 'Sant Ilario,' by F. Marion Crawford—a sequel to his 'Saracinesca.'

Prof. Max Müller's Gifford lectures at Glasgow last year will be published directly by Longmans & Co. under the title, 'Natural Religion.'

'Selections from Wordsworth,' chronologically arranged, and edited by A. J. George, is in the press of D. C. Heath & Co.

The second part of Mr. George O. Seilhamer's "History of the American Theatre," 'During the Revolution and After' (the first having been 'Before the Revolution'), is nearly ready. (Philadelphia, 112 N. 12th St.). The third and last part, 'Last Years of the Eighteenth Century,' is in course of preparation.

The Dunlap Society has just issued, as its final publication for the current year, Mr. Lawrence Barrett's recent lecture on "Charlotte Cushman," adorned with a strong wood-cut portrait, and enriched by an appendix from the learned pen of Mr. J. N. Ireland, in which there will be found a most instructive and interesting list of parts played by the great actress during her long career on the stage. A note informs us that Mr. Henry Edwards is preparing a bibliography and a list of portraits of Miss Cushman, to be issued later.

Although intelligent interest in the theatre has greatly increased of late years in England and America, it has not yet attained to the French; and in that less intelligent interest which gives itself over to gossip about the incidentals of the stage, Paris still claims the foremost place. Many books have been published in Paris about the accompaniments of acting, but none of these has been quite as unnecessary or as frankly personal as 'Loges d'Artistes' (Paris: Dentu; New York: F. W. Christern), by "Rose-Thé." It contains some four hundred solid pages of about a square foot each, devoted to a description of the dressing-rooms of the leading actresses of Paris, amplified by an occasional account of the private residences of these ladies, all illustrated by many drawings by M. Félix Fournery, and introduced by a letter of M. Émile Bergerat. Five of the thirty ladies thus immortalized, Mmes. Desclauzas, Judic, Céline Montaland, Sarah Bernhardt, and Théo, have been seen in America. Nearly a third of them are now connected with the Comédie-Française. About a quarter are attached to the Opéra or Opéra-Comique.

The New Haven Colony Historical Society proposes to publish in August the inscriptions in the old Milford graveyard prior to 1800. The transcription will be literal, the type being varied to represent as nearly as possible the appearance of each stone. The work will be illustrated by photo-chemical facsimiles of seventeen of the most interesting stones. Copious genealogical notes by Mr. Nathan G. Pond, the transcriber, will be included. The following names are among the most important: Andrew, Baldwin, Beard or Baird, Bryan, Buckingham, Burwell, Clark, Camp, Fenn, Fowler, Gunn, Gillett and Jillit, Herpin, Liron, Miles, Merwin, Newton, Nettleton, Northrup, Perit, Prudden, Rogers, Sanford, Smith, Tibbals, Treat. Only 250 copies will be sold. Subscriptions are received by Dwight E. Bowers, Box 595, New Haven, Conn. Milford's 250th anniversary will be celebrated next month.

The time for subscribing to the now completed 'Directory of the American Book, News, and Stationery Trade' (Milwaukee: C. N. Caspar) at the lowest price has been extended for a few weeks. One of the features of this work is a polyglot vocabulary of terms and phrases

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employed in literature, the graphic arts, and the book, stationery, and printing trades.

The Legislature of Minnesota has lost patience with "one Willard Glazier," whose distressing attentions to the Father of Waters as sole discoverer of the fountain-head are well known. It has passed an act fixing the name of Elk Lake situated in Beltrami County, and warning all publishers that "no edition of any school geography, published subsequently to January 1, 1890," which gives Glazier's name to that lake, or any name but Elk, "shall be used in the schools of this State."

Capt. Glazier's feat is ignored in the list of discoveries which Mr. Fred. A. McCord puts at the front of his excellent 'Handbook of Canadian Dates' (Montreal: Dawson Bros.), though he notices Joliet and Marquette's finding the Mississippi in 1673. The handbook must be of the greatest convenience to any one concerned with the political history of the Dominion. The founding of cities, of newspapers, the order of wars, and battles, and treaties, the provincial delimitations and organization, the Viceroys and Governors and Secretaries of State, the clergy and judiciary, the personnel of cabinets, the sessions of legislatures, the growth of railways—such are a portion of the data offered here as the fruit of laborious research.

Mr. Spofford's 'American Almanac' for 1889 has been issued in due time by the American News Co. Its usefulness is so generally appreciated that we need do no more than mention the fact of its issue (the twelfth).

We must dismiss briefly, too, the very attractive series of "English Men of Action" (Macmillan), of which five volumes have accumulated on our table, viz., 'Henry VII.,' by James Gairdner; 'William Dampier,' by W. Clark Russell; 'Wellington,' by George Hooper; 'Lord Lawrence,' by his Secretary, Sir R. Temple; and 'General Gordon,' by Sir W. Butler. Several of these handy books in scarlet contain portraits; that of Dampier, a woodcut, being a great improvement on the steel print one sometimes meets with from the same painting. Mr. Hooper, in summing up the pros and cons of Wellington's generalship, utters a just rebuke of Lord Wolseley's militarism as exhibited in disparagement of the Iron Duke. "That form of intellectual activity which is called military genius," he says, "is, when free from the restraints of all moral principle, a curse to mankind; and that will be an ill day for England when her generals come to prefer and adore such a form."

D. Appleton & Co. have published 'The History of a Slave,' by H. H. Johnston, the well-known African explorer. It is an intensely realistic description of life in the slave-raided region of the Western Sudan. No one can read it, or even glance at the illustrations from sketches (often of real scenes) by the author, without feeling with Dr. Livingstone that it is the duty of the Christian nations to use every proper means to heal "the open sore of the world."

Those who have still a keen interest in fixed forms of verse may be glad to see 'New Verse in Old Vesture,' by John Cameron Grant, a pamphlet of poems published in London by E. W. Allen. Mr. Grant's verses are introduced by a preface written by Mr. Gleeson White, the recent editor of 'Ballades and Rondeaus.' Mr. Grant's muse is exact, conscientious, and fertile, but her sacrifice to the virelai and the kyrielle and the gloze, and such artificial trifles, is idle. Mr. Dobson, Mr. Lang, Mr. Bunner, and Mr. Henley have shown that true grace may be put in a rondeau and real vigor in a ballade; but most of the other forms still seek a poet to justify their right to live.

Mr. Townsend MacCoun has published an historical atlas of the United States, prepared by himself, which will be found a most valuable aid to the study of American territorial history. The volume, a small quarto, contains forty-three maps, grouped in four divisions. The first, "Discovery," consists of six maps, mostly from fifteenth and sixteenth-century originals, and taken from the "Narrative and Critical History of America." The second division is "Colonial Period," the third "National Growth," giving the successive changes in territorial possessions from the time of the French and Indian war to the purchase of Alaska. The fourth division, "Development of the Commonwealth," gives the divisions of territory—colonies, cessions, States, and Territories—at successive epochs from the Revolution to the present day. The maps are followed by forty-four pages of "Explanatory Text," very compendious—perhaps too much so—but perspicuous and well arranged. The work is done with extreme care and accuracy. It is hardly possible that, in so varied and complicated a subject, and so comparatively new a field, there should not be errors; but we have not been able to detect any. Among the most curious of the maps—rather for special students than for general classes—are those which give the various boundaries proposed in the negotiations for the treaty of peace in 1783. A copy of this work we must consider almost indispensable for any thorough study of the subject; and for advanced classes it would be desirable that every member of the class should have a copy.

'Longman's New Atlas, Political and Physical, for the Use of Schools and Private Persons,' would be thought a luxurious possession by any schoolboy in this country, and indeed by the teachers of most of our public schools for their own use. It is a handsome quarto in substantial cloth binding, "consisting of 40 quarto and 16 octavo maps and diagrams, besides insets, and 16 quarto [lithographic] plates of views," etc., an index of places, and an introduction. The map scales are identical, or multiples of the prevailing scale; a uniform coloring in three tints indicates the comparative heights of countries; physical features are sufficiently indicated along with the political, save where special maps are given to both; only the more significant towns are named, but the index locates many of the places thus excluded. Such are the main cartographic principles observed, and they are very well carried out. Convenient is the table of contents inside the front cover. The map edges are reinforced by a backing, and numbered as in a ledger. Naturally, a British atlas is strongest in British maps, and the American portion would be too meagre for this market, which might well be consulted in a special edition. If the plates of typical scenery, etc., which make about one-fifth of the bulk of the volume, were dispensed with—as we think they might be, though the racial portraiture is fresh and admirable—the price would be by so much diminishable. It seems odd that lithography should here have been resorted to in place of woodcuts, which would have told so much more in the same compass, and told it better.

Some of our readers may have seen the Japanese Fairy Tale series—English version and native illustration and decoration—which we think the Messrs. Putnam introduced in this country. 'Princess Splendor, the Woodcutter's Daughter,' a legend of Fujiyama, translated by E. Rothesay Miller, comes to us from Tokio. It is a pleasant and humorous little tale of a banished fairy giving impossible tests to her human suitors. The pictorial embellishments are pertinent and effective.

After an inexplicably long interval, the excellent series of 'Les Grands Écrivains Français' has resumed publication with a biography of Thiers by M. Paul de Rémusat, an adequate and sympathetic sketch from the hand of a personal friend. We can do no more now than to note its appearance and say a word of praise for the admirable photogravure reproduction of M. Bonnat's vigorous portrait now in the Louvre. The 'Thiers' is the sixth volume issued, and in it we find a list of announcements greatly enlarging the original scope of the series. Among the new volumes now promised are 'Corneille,' by M. Sarcey; 'Pascal,' by M. Sully-Prudhomme; 'Marivaux,' by M. Ganderax; 'Madame de Staël,' by M. Albert Sorel; and 'Calvin,' by M. François de Pressensé.

The death of E. Véron, editor of *L'Art*, on May 22, is appropriately noticed in that magazine for June 1 by Paul Leroi, who speaks of his late chief in the highest terms, and enumerates some of his varied works, historical, economical, and artistic, as 'The Superiority of Modern Arts to the Ancient,' etc. For the rest, *L'Art* follows up on the one hand the Salon, on the other the Exposition, and continues its comparison of 1789 and 1889. M. Leroi says of the French school of art that its great evil is the suppression of thought in the sole interest of execution.

Wm. Mueller, 695 Broadway, sends us the American edition of *Academy Architecture and Annual Review* for 1889—a new venture, containing a selection of the most prominent architectural drawings hung at the Royal Academy exhibition, and "a review of interesting architectural subjects carried out or designed [in Europe] during the last few years." The editors, Alex. Koch and C. W. English, appear to be partners, for one of their designs appears on p. 81. The brochure consists wholly of plates, and the illustrations are indifferently process or heliotype copies of drawings, or, in a few instances, of nature. The variety of subject and of nationality gives much interest to this collection for the layman, and may have some for the designer and draughtsman, according to his critical capacity.

The Bureau of Education has just issued 'Education in Georgia,' a monograph in the series edited by Dr. Herbert B. Adams. The compiler is Mr. Charles Edgeworth Jones of Augusta, and his treatment follows the scheme adopted of tracing the history from the beginning. For the period before the war thirty pages suffice, since "there was no regularly organized system of common schools supported by public taxation" till Lincoln and Grant and Sherman had made it possible. The ninth chapter is devoted to institutions for colored people. Illustrations are given of college buildings, etc., as heretofore.

The professors of law, science, and letters and medicine at Grenoble have just founded a periodical *Annales de l'Enseignement Supérieur*, the first number showing all the faculties represented, and topics which range from "Orestes and Hamlet" to "un nouveau procédé de restauration du nez."

—The too slender ranks of genuine and serious students of American history have just been diminished by the death of Alexander Johnston, Professor of Political Economy in the College of New Jersey, at Princeton on July 20. This sad and sadly premature event had been foreshadowed by the state of Mr. Johnston's health for many years—perhaps even from the date of his professorship, to which he was called in November, 1883. He then wrote

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to us, with a humorous deprecation of journalistic blundering, that we might "get his record straight," as follows:

"The record aforesaid is a brief one: graduated at Rutgers College in 1870; admitted to the bar in New Jersey in 1875, from the office of Gov. George C. Ludlow; and have written a 'History of American Politics,' the American political history in Lalor's 'Cyclopædia of Politics' and R. E. Thompson's American Supplement to the 'Britannica,' and No. xii of the Johns Hopkins historical series, 'The Genesis of a New England State [Connecticut].'"

"The catalogue of the books which I have not yet written, would fill," he added, "a large volume, but I think the above are all you can do anything with at present." In fact, this industrious writer subsequently produced the 'Connecticut' (in the American Commonwealths Series); 'Representative Orations, with an Outline of American Political History'; a 'History of the United States for Schools'; and the chapter on the history of political parties in the seventh volume of Winsor's 'Narrative and Critical History of America.' Add to this that, while his strength permitted, he was an active contributor to the *Century Magazine*, especially in its "Topics of the Time" department, and an occasional contributor to the *Nation*. Finally, he had but just attained his fortieth year, having been born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on April 29, 1849. One must be a genius to cover as much ground as he did at so early an age, and be free from error of fact or judgment; and he had the candor to acknowledge past mistakes and the eagerness for better information which were one of the charms of his character. In conversation he was as fluent as with his pen, and both socially and on his professorial side he was singularly genial and attractive.

—Few will rise from reading Mr. Henry F. Waters's "Gleanings," in the July number of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, without the conviction that the Roger Williams of his documents is the subsequent founder of Rhode Island. The supposed parents are James Williams, citizen and merchant tailor of London, in good circumstances, and his wife Alice, who survived him thirteen years. The wills of both are given, each with mention of Roger, and the mother's (in 1634) speaking of him as "now beyond the seas," which *our* Roger had been for three years. Various other wills, in Mr. Waters's fashion, throw light on the family connection, and in particular that of Roger Pemberton of St. Albans, godfather of Roger Williams, and father-in-law to a sister of the Rev. Josse Glover who provided the means for establishing the first printing-press in what is now the United States, viz., in Cambridge, Mass. (Concerning this Glover-Pemberton alliance Mr. Waters promises us more information hereafter.) Mr. Waters, whose genealogical instinct is worth more than most men's researches, declares that tradition alone stands in the way of the proposed identification—the tradition, namely, that Williams was a Welshman, which has been supported by Mr. Reuben A. Guild, Librarian of Brown University. Mr. Waters considers Mr. Guild's argument, only to draw from it additional proofs of his own view. He points out lines of further research, regretting that he cannot prosecute them himself.

—For the full strength of the case we must refer to the *Register*; it covers the points of Roger's age, his brothers and sister, a kinsman whom he brought to New England as a protégé, etc. After Mr. Waters's communication was in type, he suggested a clue which the editor of the *Register*, Mr. John Ward Dean, promptly followed up, discovering two letters written by Roger Williams in 1629, preserved in the collection of Mr. Lowndes of Barrington Hall, Essex, England. Tracings of American autographs sent to him Mr. Lowndes pronounced identical with the signature appended to these two letters, which relate to a rejected proposal from Roger Williams to a niece of Lady Joan Barrington, and to the health of this lady's soul. He was then living at High Laver, in Essex. He speaks of "many former offers [of honor and preferment] and that late New England call," and of his pecuniary expectations ("amongst some other children") "after the death of an aged loving mother." This tallies exactly with all the circumstances of Alice Williams and her family at that date. Mr. Dean hardly seems to us to insist strongly enough—the handwriting considered—on the conclusiveness of this link in the chain of evidence.

—Some of the friends of the late Allen Thorndike Rice seem to think that he was the originator of the present habit of filling a review with articles bearing the signatures of contemporary celebrities or notorieties. Mr. Rice carried the practice to more pernicious extremes than other editors, but he did not originate it. In the *Edinburgh*, which was the earliest of all reviews, the articles were all anonymous, although the names of the writers were generally known to those most interested. When Buloz evolved the fortnightly *Revue des Deux Mondes* from the English quarterlies, French custom overruled the English precedent, and the articles bore the name of the authors. In time the English *Fortnightly Review* was founded, in imitation of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and, under the editorship of Mr. John Morley, its articles were also signed by the authors—then a distinct innovation on English usage. The *Fortnightly* was always decorous and devoid of "sensational" attraction. One of its rivals, the *Contemporary*, was edited for a while by Mr. James Knowles, and he it was who began the search for sensational signatures. When he withdrew from the *Contemporary* to found the *Nineteenth Century*, he made special efforts to get as many titled contributors as possible, and to extract timely articles from the man or the woman of the hour, even when these temporary lions were not professional writers. It was from the *Nineteenth Century* that the *North American* borrowed this unliterary seeking for special attractions, and this looking rather to the name of the writer than to the merit of the writing. Under the adroit guidance of Mr. Laurence Oliphant, Mr. Rice was able to vie with Mr. Knowles, and to procure papers as likely to be talked about as Mr. Gladstone's "Kin across the Sea." But after Mr. Oliphant was called away, and more particularly after Mr. Metcalfe withdrew to found the *Forum*, the *North American Review* sank lower and lower into the marsh of mere sensationalism. The founder of the *New Review* has spoken of his new venture as "a sixpenny *Nineteenth Century*," and so far Mr. Grove has skilfully followed on the lines of his two-and-six predecessor: not even Mr. Knowles could have done better than to get an article on the Eiffel Tower by M. Eiffel himself. There are no signs, fortunately, that either the *New Review* or the *Nineteenth Century* will ever descend to the depth of perverted "timeliness" in which the *North American* now is. The *Forum* has a dignity which the *North American* has wholly lost; and it seems to have a certain originality in that, as its title indicates, it offers itself as a platform for the man who has a pressing message. The demise of the *New Princeton Review* is much to be regretted, although the *Political Science Quarterly* is able to find room for essays, such as Mr. Whittredge's recent paper on "Rotation in Office," which we should have expected to find in the *North American Review* of twenty years ago.

—The completion of the second volume of the *Journal of Morphology* by a number containing five papers, two hundred and sixty pages, seventeen lithographic plates, and about forty figures in the text, calls for mention of it in connection with No. 2, which should have been noticed at the time of its publication. The paper by H. V. Wilson on the development of a coral (*Manicina*) was prepared as a thesis for the degree of Ph.D. at the Johns Hopkins University, and admirably represents the high character of the work done there. Should there be obtained a second example of the peculiar fish, *Grammicolepis*, described by Poey and Shufeldt, it is to be hoped that the brain and heart may be preserved and studied for the surest determination of its affinities. Prof. Cope discusses the hyoid and ear-bones of the Batrachia. He finds confirmation of his previously expressed view that *Siren* is descended from a land-salamander, and that its immediate ancestor became aquatic again at a comparatively late period of geological time"; he concludes that the condition of the ear-bones of the tailed Batrachia is "one of degeneration." From a comparative study of the Alaskan bird, *Aphrisa virgata*, Shufeldt concludes that it should constitute a distinct family, and thinks "that when such an isolated form is discovered, the fashion is too prevalent" of assigning it to some family already constituted.

—Of Number 3, the initial and longest paper is on the uterus and embryo of man and the rabbit, embracing numerous original and important observations. The author, Charles Sedgwick Minot, properly acknowledges the aid of a grant from the "Research Fund" of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the first of the grants from that source. The plates and text are so clear that it is almost ungracious to suggest that in this, as in some other papers, the often nearly blank page opposite the plate might be profitably occupied by a categorical mention of the more important points which are illustrated thereby—an extension, so to speak, of the plan approximated in Plates xxviii and xxx. All American naturalists will welcome the paper of Mr. Allis on the "Lateral Line of Amia," not only for the new facts which it contains, but also because it is understood to be the first of a series of monographs, in which the structure and development of this interesting teleostean ganoid are to be presented in the country which alone it inhabits. The rostral disk will remind readers of the similar structure observed by A. Agassiz in the embryo garpike, while the transformations of the tail from protocercal through heterocercal to the adult "masked heterocercal" stage was predicted by Wilder in 1875 and 1876. Shorter but by no means insignificant contributions are "Segmental Sense-organs of Arthropods," by William Patten; "Atoms and Molecules," by A. E. Dolbear, a discussion of a topic interesting the biologist from the physical standpoint, and "Some New Facts about the Hirudinea," by C. O. Whitman, in which are presented very important considerations as to the nature and origin of vertebrate sense-organs.

—In connection with the above-named paper on *Amia* may properly be mentioned Mr. S. Garman's account of the lateral line system of sharks, skates, and Holocephali, forming No.

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2 of volume xvii of the Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy. The figures are based upon dissections made for the late Professor Agassiz by Mr. Garman and (in 1866-8) by Wilder. The text includes a description of the arrangement of the canals in thirty-four genera, a "synoptic list," a bibliography, with historical comments, and concludes as follows: "Professor Agassiz was the first to attempt to use the canal system as a basis for homologies, as an aid in classification, or as a means of tracing affinities—purposes for which it is admirably adapted." To Mr. Garman's study of the rattlesnake we owe an article in the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History (vol. xxiv), tracing the growth of the rattle in connection with the sloughing, discussing the uses of it, and connecting its evolution with the copperhead (*Ancistrodon*), by way of the ground-rattler (*Sistrurus*). The same writer has contributed to the Bulletin of the Essex Institute (vol. xx) a literary-scientific paper on "The Batrachia of Kalm's 'En Resa til Norra America'"—a very thorough examination of Kalm's 'Travels' to determine just what the Swedish naturalist recorded about the frogs of this continent. Mr. Garman carefully compares the original text with English, Dutch, and German versions. He concludes that the bull-frog and the leopard-frog are "the only species noticed by Kalm that can be identified with any degree of confidence."

—Prof. Willard Fiske has published in Florence a pamphlet of twenty-eight pages containing a second list of books in the author's own collection not cited by Lidderdale in the British Museum Catalogue. It contains 139 titles of books acquired since the publication of the previous list, together with some corrections of it. In the British Museum Catalogue, the author tells us in his preliminary note, are 170 titles of books printed in Iceland before the establishment of a press at Reykjavik, in 1844. His two supplementary lists contain 278 more, making a total of 448, an astonishing number considering the population of the land and the wretched economical conditions that prevailed. The great majority of the books are of a religious or ethical character. Among the others are several calendars, an A B C book, a tract on the resuscitation of persons apparently drowned, on epidemic catarrh, and on vaccination. The titles are followed, as in the first list, by accurate descriptions of the copy catalogued and by complete bibliographical material, often extended to an exhaustive essay on the various editions of the work; the whole is succeeded by an index of names and titles. The value of this material in its bearing upon the history of the language and literature of Iceland, because of the definitive shape in which it is given, cannot well be overestimated. The steady growth of Prof. Fiske's unparalleled collection of Icelandic books attests not only an extraordinary interest in an out-of-the-way subject, but bears witness as well to his skill and indefatigability as a collector.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Rogers and his Contemporaries. By P. W. Clayden. London: Smith, Elder & Co.; Boston: Roberts Bros. 2 vols. 1889.

"I MET Rhymer near your door, and he looked so unusually complacent that I guessed he had been at his old work, endeavoring to make some one dissatisfied. . . . You must not be disconcerted by his remarks, for, if I may be allowed to parody the observation applied to Charles II., I should say that Rhymer is known never to have *said* a kind thing, or never to have *done* an unkind one. He has come to the assistance of many a man of genius in those vicissitudes to which individuals of that class are more than any other liable when they depend on literature for support. Towards artists his good word to would-be patrons, possessed of more gold than taste, has never been wanting; yet, such is his peculiarity that, while ready to *serve*, he is seldom willing to avoid offending, and evidently finds a pleasure in saying disagreeable things. Even his compliments, and they are few and far between, have something in them which leaves those present in doubt whether they do not admit of another and less kind interpretation, although the individual to whom they are addressed may not be aware of it. . . . His age and infirmities screen him from the correction which his malice so frequently merits; and, aware of his impunity, he thinks himself privileged to annoy all those with whom he comes in contact. But no, not all; for to the rich and great he is as obsequious as he is insolent to those who are not in a position to gratify his *parvenu* taste for grandeur."

Such was the portrait of the poet Rogers as painted fifty years ago by Lady Blessington in her almost forgotten novel 'Strathern'; and on the whole the characterization is eminently just. It is borne out by his 'Table-Talk,' published soon after his death by his friend Alexander Dyce, much as that was decried at the time by some of Rogers's other friends; and by the remembrance of those who were intimate with him. At first sight the book before us would seem to give Rogers quite another character, especially in his earlier years; but, in summing all up, it comes to much the same thing.

In fact, Rogers had a very good heart and a very sharp tongue. He even took delight in saying disagreeable things, and

"had cultivated the habit of making caustic remarks until it had become a second nature. Sir Henry Taylor tells us that his wit was in higher repute than any of his time except that of Sydney Smith; but while Sydney's was genial and good-humored, that of Rogers was sarcastic and bitter. Rogers knew this and sometimes apologized for it. 'They tell me I say ill-natured things,' he observed to Sir Henry Taylor, in his slow, quiet, deliberate way. 'I have a very weak voice; if I did not say ill-natured things, no one would hear what I said.'"

His tongue was, a friend testifies,

"an incisive organ, never allowed to grow blunt or rusty, but kept bright and well pointed for needful occasions—moreover, always polite and always distinct, which immensely increased its effect; but, what has been forgotten by his detractors, it was strictly used for defence, never for provocation, and for defence of others quite as much as of himself. Although, therefore, within these limits, no one could better say a bitterer thing, yet all will admit that he never said a vulgar or a rude one, or that that small and distinct voice ever failed to be lifted up in praise of merit or defence of the injured."

To say, however, that Rogers's tongue was used solely in defence is saying too much. One remark of Lady Blessington's quoted above is made almost in the same words by Fanny Kemble Butler: "Although you say most cruel things (as I remember), you do, I know, many most kind ones; and I feel, therefore, the more courage in addressing this prayer to you." One would think that this was the preamble of a request for an important service, whereas it was only a sort of formula in a letter of introduction given to Miss Catherine Sedgwick. Rogers duly invited Miss Sedgwick to breakfast, and she as duly reported it in print in an American journal, being sure that "his life flowed in a kindly current. K. told me he met him one winter in Paris, where he found him enjoying art like a young enthusiast, and knowing every boy's name in the street he lived in, and in friendship with them all."

That Rogers should receive Miss Sedgwick was but natural—the son of a man who put on mourning on hearing of the fight at Lexington, and who had himself given hospitality to Priestly after his house had been destroyed by the mob at Birmingham and on the eve of his departure for America, could not but be kind to Americans. He was indeed so kind that his hospitality was sometimes taxed, and he said, according to Mr. Sumner: "The Americans I have seen have generally been very agreeable and accomplished men, but there is too much of them; they take up too much of our time." But there they were; and if he objected to the number, he must have been pleased with the quality of his guests—Cooper, Irving, Ticknor, Longfellow, Willis, Daniel Webster, Everett, Bancroft, Prescott, Sumner, and a host of others.

To go back: As to Rogers's goodness of heart there can be no question. Mrs. Norton says rather tartly: "He gave what he valued least, money: not what he valued most, praise." But this was not only untrue but unfair. Rogers, although a banker, never had money to throw away; he had money which was at the service of his friends, and for the assistance of those who needed it most. When Moore was in difficulties, Rogers lent him £500. Some time after it was repaid, Rogers asked him what he should do with that check, and on being told to present for payment, said: "Well, if it is any convenience to you in your Bermuda business, to enable you to allege that you *have no means*, I will keep it for you." Subsequently he offered to lend him £1,000 to arrange his affair with Longmans. In the same way he lent money to the poet Campbell to buy a share in a magazine, who said that his only difficulty was in inducing Rogers to accept the repayment of the loan. Several times he helped Sheridan, and after his death there were found among his papers checks of Sheridan which he had never presented. Much later in life he sent £200 to a friend who had been condemned by the physicians and wanted to go to the Cape as his last hope. In telling his sister of it he wrote: "I think my money well spent if I never see it again."

Such instances might be greatly multiplied, but it was not only in money ways that Rogers was kind. He was willing to take great pains and trouble for his friends, his friends' friends, and even for people who had no claim upon him—whether it were simply in providing for their amusement, for obtaining them places in the British Museum, or under the Government (as with Cary, the translator of Dante, and others), or for negotiating with publishers for the publication of their works (as with Wordsworth). He got Sir Thomas Lawrence out of difficulties by inducing Lord Dudley to purchase some of his art-treasures. Like all men in his position, he had almost countless applications for favors; not all could be granted, and some had to remain unanswered. Hence, perhaps, the accusations against him of hardness of heart. Rogers was by no means a rich man, and his friends believed that his income in the later years of his life scarcely exceeded £2,000 a year. When his bank was robbed, in 1844, of about £47,000, it was thought at first that the loss might cripple the bank and possibly ruin him. Most of the money was ultimately recovered, but during the period of suspense Rogers reduced his expenditure and gave up his carriage. One of the fabulous stories of his wealth and ostentation was manifestly impossible—that he had a million-pound note of the Bank of England framed in solid gold, and hanging in his drawing-room. What really hung there was Milton's receipt for the five pounds paid to him for the copyright of 'Paradise Lost.'

Rogers was never a handsome man. He was

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in his later years very bald, his countenance singularly pale—even cadaverous—and wrinkled. This unearthly pallor brought upon him many jokes from his friends, which he generally took in good part and rather enjoyed. "One day, when he had been visiting the catacombs with a party of friends, Rogers emerged last. 'Good-bye, Rogers,' said Lord Dudley, shaking his hand, and everybody understood the joke. Sydney Smith jocosely advised him, in having his portrait taken, to be drawn saying his prayers with his face in his hands." Carlyle, in a letter to Emerson, speaks of "Old Rogers with his pale head, white, bare, and cold as snow," and says he "will work on you with those large blue eyes, cruel, sorrowful; and that sardonic, shelf chin."

Rogers's life was so long that he could easily have repeated to persons now living details of events occurring in the early part of the last century, told him by the actors in them. He had heard Blair and Robertson preach; had spent a day with Adam Smith; had known Fox and Grattan; had been intimate with Byron, Campbell, Moore and Scott, Wordsworth, Lamb and Coleridge, and afterwards knew Macaulay, Tennyson, Ruskin and Gladstone. Such a long life naturally falls into periods: his early years, when he was himself managing the bank, living in the country, and making his poetical reputation; his middle life, after he had come to London in 1803, was making his way in London society, and his house in St. James's Place a centre of literature and conversation, and when he was still at intervals busy at his poetry; and, finally, the twenty years after he had published the illustrated edition of his poems, had given up writing, and was living only to enjoy life. The accounts of the middle period, which are the most entertaining, are, or rather were, to be found, until collected by Mr. Clayden, only in the memoirs and letters of his contemporaries. The 'Reminiscences' and 'Table-Talk,' published after his death, naturally relate to his last period, and even the generation that noted them down has now almost passed away. These distinctions have to be remembered in considering Rogers, because his memory failed him towards the end, and the same story, therefore, often assumes different forms. Circumstances of which he had originally thought little or nothing—as, for example, Byron's somewhat coarse practical joke on him at Pisa—gained importance in his eyes after being often talked about and criticised.

In Rogers's time, or at all events in part of it, conversation was made a fine art. Men prepared themselves for the breakfasts and dinners at which they were to take part, sketched out the conversation, and arranged how to bring in their special topics and stories. Many took notes afterwards of the talk at table, and some even entered in a ledger the names of the guests and the anecdotes they themselves had told, so that they might not repeat themselves too often. Rogers had commonplace books of this sort, and he used sometimes to bring them out and read his recollections of distinguished men. In those days a man talked to the whole table, and allowed no interruption and no rivalry. Rogers himself was very exacting in this respect. He said one day that "it was a great fault in young men not to listen to old ones who were talking together; that a few days before, at a dinner-party, he was talking with the Archbishop of Canterbury, an old man like himself, and two young men sitting next to them kept talking together at the time; if they had held their tongues and listened to the old ones, they might have heard a great deal that was interesting." He preferred entertaining his friends at his own table to dining out, and when he spoke, the guests were expected to listen. His greatest difficulties were with Sydney Smith and afterwards with Macaulay, whom it was hard to put down. They met at Bowood on one occasion during the Christmas holidays in 1841, when Lord Lansdowne had a distinguished company of guests. Greville, speaking of Macaulay's sonorous voice, physical energy, and declamatory style, says: "The drollest thing is to see the effect upon Rogers, who is nearly extinguished, and can neither make himself heard nor find an interval to get in a word. He is exceedingly provoked, though he cannot help admiring." Fanny Kemble Butler makes a general remark about Macaulay's "speech-power," and says that

"'Sydney Smith's humorous and good-humored rage at his prolific talk was very funny. Rogers's, of course,' she adds, 'was not good-humored; and on this very occasion, one day at breakfast, having two or three times uplifted his thread of voice and fine incisive speech against the torrent of Macaulay's holding forth, Lord Lansdowne, the most courteous of hosts, endeavored to make way for him with a "You were saying, Mr. Rogers"—when Rogers hissed out, "O! what I was saying will keep."' Greville writes: 'He will revive to-morrow, when Macaulay goes.'"

Much of what was called wit in those days seems to us little more than coarse banter. The sayings of Rogers are neat expressions of cynicism or severe criticism rather than wit. His nephew, Samuel Sharpe, says:

"My uncle's conversation could hardly be called brilliant. He seldom aimed at wit, though he enjoyed it in others. He often told anecdotes of his early recollections and of the distinguished persons with whom he had been acquainted. These he told with great neatness and fitness in the choice of words, as may be understood by an examination of the prose notes to his poems. But the valuable part of his conversation was his good sense, joined with knowledge of literature and art, and yet more particularly his constant aim at improvement, and the care that he took to lead his friends to what was worth talking about."

Mr. Hayward wrote of Rogers's parties:

"It was a current joke that he asked people to breakfast by way of probation for dinner; but his breakfast parties (till the unwillingness to be alone made him less discriminating) were made for those with whom he wished to live socially, and his dinners, comparatively speaking, were affairs of necessity or form. Even in his happiest moods he was not convivial; his spirits never rose above temperate; he disliked loud laughing and talking, and unless some distinguished person or privileged wit was there to break the ice and keep up the ball, the conversation at his dinners not unfrequently flagged. It seemed to be, and perhaps was, toned down by the subdued light, which left half the room in shadow, and speedily awoke the fairer portion of the company to the disagreeable consciousness that their complexions were looking muddy and their toilettes the opposite of fresh. After making every allowance for this drawback, however, his dinners were justly reckoned among the pleasantest in town."

Some who have thought Rogers's poetical reputation unmerited have considered it even factitious, and gained for him by his wealth, his social position, and by the cheap compliments of writers and critics who had been entertained by him and wished to be his guests once more. For such a statement there is no foundation. The contemporary critics of Rogers may seem to us mistaken in their judgments, but there is no reason or justice in accusing them of dishonesty. Certainly we cannot but suppose that both Byron and Lord Holland—to say nothing of others—were sincere in their admiration of Rogers's poetry. In point of fact, Rogers had made his poetical reputation and enjoyed popularity as a poet before he came to settle in London in 1803, and long before he possessed social power. 'The Pleasures of Memory,' on which his reputation was based, had been first published in 1792, and had been extremely popular. In those eleven years it had had a continual sale, and a new edition of 2,000, the fourteenth, had just been issued. It is true that at that time his only great rival was Cowper, and the other poets of the day were Mason, Joseph Wharton, Whitehead, Cambridge, Beattie, and Hayley. As Mr. Clayden says:

"Campbell had published the 'Pleasures of Hope,' written in emulation of the success of 'The Pleasures of Memory'; had just composed 'Lochiel's Warning' and 'Hohenlinden,' and was on his way to London to devote himself to literature as a profession. Southey had written 'Thalaba,' but it had been coolly received; Wordsworth, married in the year before, was writing the 'Prelude,' but had only actually published the enlarged edition of 'Lyrical Ballads'; Coleridge had composed some of his best poems, but was little known, and was earning his livelihood by writing for the *Morning Post*. Walter Scott had translated 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' and issued 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' but was not yet known to fame. Tom Moore, then called Anacreon Moore, because he had translated Anacreon, was travelling in America; and Byron was a boy at school."

The 'Epistle to a Friend' had appeared in 1798. From that time Rogers published nothing until 1812, when he issued his 'Columbus,' on which he had been slowly working for fourteen years. Two years later, curiously enough, as it seems to us now, his 'Jacqueline' was published in the same volume with Byron's 'Lara,' neither with the author's name, though there was no attempt to conceal the authorship. 'Human Life' came out in 1818, by far the best of Rogers's poetry up to that time. It is scarcely possible to characterize all these poems as other than a series of platitudes, conventional sentiments and commonplaces expressed in precise language and smooth and flowing verse. Some of them—the 'Columbus' especially—were submitted by the author to his friends for their criticism in privately printed copies; and there were often long discussions by letter as to the best form for certain passages and even for single lines.

The 'Italy' was the last work of Rogers, although on two or three subsequent special occasions he wrote a few verses. Unlike most of his other poems, it is in blank verse. It is pleasing, and appeals to cultivated minds far more than they. It is still read, but it is almost the only one that is read, and is perhaps the only one by which he will be judged in future. To those who have been in Italy every line recalls a picture, an impression, or a feeling; for that reason it is an agreeable book for the traveller to have in his portmanteau. It was the product of Rogers's two Italian tours. He went to Italy in the autumn of 1814, as soon as the Continent was again open to English travellers, and remained there the winter, passing through Brussels on his return only a few days before the battle of Waterloo. He kept a diary which is the foundation of the poem. It is a pity that Mr. Clayden has not printed it in full, for he saw much that would be entertaining in his detailed descriptions. Canova showed him how he kissed his bed three times when he went into it after dinner; and after he had dined at the Duke of Bedford's the Duchess waltzed and danced with castanettes before Canova. At Naples,

"at a ball at the house of the Minister of Finance, 'all the world danced and the King himself, in a quadrille, with the Princess of Wales. Wonderful play with his limbs, too much so with his head and body. It gave him the balancing air of a rope-dancer, or of a dancing-master teaching ease to his scholars.' Murat was extremely polite to Rogers, whose fame as a poet had reached him. The Queen talked to him about 'The Pleasures of Memory.' Murat

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himself, as he rode on horseback about Naples, often met Rogers, and always saluted him with the question, 'Eh, bien, monsieur, êtes-vous inspiré aujourd'hui?' . . . On the 6th of March, after a visit with Lord Holland to Pompeii, Rogers was at Lord Holland's at night when the rumor came, 'Bonaparte gone from Elba.' Rogers adds: 'Fainting of his sister, the Queen; many conjectures'; 'un peu d'espoir,' says Mosbourg, 'et beaucoup de désespoir.'"

The idea of 'Italy' was formed gradually in his mind. Various bits had been written or sketched out on the spot, though it must be admitted that some of the prose descriptions, written hurriedly at the time—for instance, that of Paestum—are equal to the more finished and revised verses. In the autumn of 1821 Rogers went again to Italy for the winter, this time meeting Byron—first, at Bologna, and again at Pisa with Shelley. The meeting is commemorated by the passage headed "Bologna," though it was written after Byron's death. During the winter Rogers continued writing, and, under the editorship of his sister Sarah, the first part of 'Italy' appeared anonymously, while he was still absent from England. The second part was not published until 1828—this time with the author's name attached. But new schools of poetry had sprung up, and poets had appeared who were greater than Rogers—this relic of a past generation. The public taste had changed, and although 'Italy' had a *succès d'estime*, it was not popular.

"Rogers fancied," says his nephew, "that the cool manner in which the poem was at first received amounted to an unfavorable verdict. He was not disposed to question the taste of the public in the case of a work which was meant to please the public. So he made a bonfire, as he described it, of the unsold copies, and set himself to the task of making it better."

He therefore revised, enlarged, and improved the poem, and determined to issue it in an illustrated edition. Everything was done under his own constant direction and supervision. He chose the subjects, suggested the character of the pictures, superintended their execution, and made the illustrations almost as much his own as the letter-press they adorned. Of the fifty-five illustrations, twenty-five were from Turner's drawings, twenty from Stothard, and two from Prout. The total cost of the whole edition of 10,000 copies was over $36,000. The success of this magnificent book was such that Rogers then brought out a new edition of his poems, illustrated chiefly by Turner and Stothard, the preparation for which cost nearly the same sum. Both books paid for themselves, and the early copies now bring good prices on account of the engravings. They did much towards making Turner generally known.

Mr. Ruskin, in his 'Præterita,' tells of receiving as a present on his thirteenth birthday a copy of the illustrated 'Italy,' which, he says, "determined the main tenor of my life." In a letter to Rogers, written from Venice, he says:

"The worst of it was that I lost all *feeling* of Venice, and this was the reason both of my not writing to you and of my thinking of you so often. For whenever I found myself getting utterly hard and indifferent, I used to read over a little bit of the 'Venice' in the 'Italy,' and it put me always into the right tone of thought again, and for this I cannot be enough grateful to you. For though I believe that in the summer, when Venice is indeed lovely, when pomegranate blossoms hang over every garden wall, and green sunlight shoots through every wave, custom will not destroy or even weaken the impression conveyed at first, it is far otherwise in the length and bitterness of the Venetian winters. Fighting with frosty winds at every turn of the canals takes away all the old feelings of peace and stillness; the protracted cold makes the dash of the water on the walls a sound of simple discomfort. . . . When I used to get into this humor, I *always* had recourse to those lines of yours:

"'The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea
Invisible; and from the land we went
As to a floating city—steering in
And gliding up her streets as in a dream.'"

RECENT NOVELS.

The Open Door. By Blanche Willis Howard. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A Girl Graduate. By Caroline Wooley. Ticknor & Co.

Grandison Mather. By Sidney Luska. Cassell & Co.

A London Life. By Henry James. Macmillan & Co.

Margery: A Tale of Old Nuremberg. By George Ebers. Translated from the German by Clara Bell. W. S. Gottsberger & Co.

Micah Clarke, his Statement. By A. Conan Doyle. Longmans, Green & Co. Also, Harper & Bros.

On the title-page of 'The Open Door' Miss Howard, in quotation from Molière, begs permission to weave the web of her romance at leisure and not to be pressed for the conclusion. For what is properly the romance the prayer must be denied. Hardly any one is morbid enough to wish to linger over the passionate love of a healthy young woman for a man whom she has never known in any other condition than that of an incurable and rather ill-tempered cripple. The author has evaded love-passages with some cleverness, and devoted her evidently ample leisure to less distasteful episodes. In the contrast between the dazzling lieutenant who rode out at morning to enjoy his kingdom, the world, and the maimed, senseless clod borne back at evening never again to move beyond the shady garden corner, a skilful psychologist would have had his opportunity. He could have made us sigh and weep for Count Hugo, and consoled, instead of offending, by the sacrifice of a beautiful, imaginative Gabrielle. Miss Howard cannot sound deep waters, and her attempts produce cumulative irritation. Count Hugo philosophizing is dull, and as a moralist inefficient. When he quarrels with his ridiculous mamma, he becomes amusing; and mamma, together with her pampered puppy, Mousey, provokes mirth in every attitude. Miss Howard has often come very near writing capital comedy, never nearer than in the delineation of the Countess von Kronfels; but she seems to lack either the sense for art or the knowledge which would keep her from bubbling over into burlesque. She has never learned how to make a good effect by moderating hilarity. Her tenacity of early habit shows itself in many ways. Long residence in Europe has not denationalized her style, which remains vigorously American. Her Europeans are all seen through American eyes, and New England's social simplicity permeates the wickedness of the worst. Count Hugo has no more hesitation about sending his sweetheart down to the village alone, at midnight, to protect the honor of a saucy chambermaid, than a chivalrous, republican Mr. Frye of Maine would have had. And would it ever have entered into the head of a woman who had not had the benefit of New England "culture" to select as a title for a story an indefinite phrase from Epictetus which has almost nothing to do with the case?

'A Girl Graduate' is a product of New England culture unimpaired. Life is always a serious affair, almost always solemn. The baby is born in a maze of problems and questions, and the old man dies still seeking solutions and answers. Everything is decorous and honest and uplifting, and there is either no grammar at all, or a great deal of it, very inflexible and stately. The girl graduate has the grammar, while her family and friends have it not; and one of the problems which, at eighteen, confront her is, how she may gain an entrance into those charming circles where it is believed to be pretty evenly distributed. Maggie Dean is the daughter of an illiterate machinist, and would be described by an Englishman as "a young person educated above her station." To Maggie's father, as to thousands of American fathers of the same class, the English phrase is meaningless. They are accustomed to knowing that their women are finer than they, and, in their heart of hearts, are proudest when "one of the girls" is like unto the owl for wisdom and the bird of paradise for plumage. To those fond and guileless men she cannot have been educated above her station, for does not her education make her equal with the best? It is left to the girl herself to find out that it does not, and then comes the bitter hour. In the story of the 'Breadwinners' the worst consequences to a girl's nature of recognition of this disappointing truth are described with a stern disregard of popular sentiment. It would be pleasant to be able to believe that the Maggie of that famous story is exceptional and Miss Wooley's Maggie typical; but we fear that the anonymous author generalized from the wider experience, and that his views about the effect of high-school education upon the mob were less rosy. Still, it is cheerful to have Maggie Dean purged of vulgar ambitions by the fire of social snubbing, and developing a refinement which does not always accompany the knowledge gained from books.

'Grandison Mather' is a modern and realistic "romance of a poor young man." The poor young man has been rich, has been fairly educated, and capitally trained to do nothing. In the heyday of fortune he provided himself with a wife, lovely and penniless, and, when fortune takes wings, she is the only luxury of which he is not deprived. The wife is not introduced to point the proverb that "a young man married is a man marred," but to impress upon a sceptical generation that most of all in poverty and trouble a man may rejoice with the wife of his youth. There is nothing intense or tragic in the situation while the husband is looking for work, the wife waiting at home, and the slim purse diminishing, but it is all tender and pathetic, and enlivened by humor inseparable from the circumstances. Grandison Mather and his wife are fictitious, but the story of their vicissitudes is true in the most trifling detail. The author could not resist the temptation to permit his hero in the end the achievement of notoriety if not of greatness. His book, 'Dreams Within a Dream,' is the novel of the year, and there, in enjoyment of his fame, the romantic novelist would have left him. One swallow does not make a summer, nor one novel that is talked about establish preëminence in fiction. The hardest lesson Mather has to learn is, that the creative faculty is independent and erratic, and not to be relied on for the provision of what Mrs. Lecks called "board-money." By this last bitter experience the story becomes a consistent chapter of real life. Its consistency is marred by only one romantic flight, the description of St. Marc, the terrible and all-powerful critic. The author's evident acquaintance with the conditions of journalistic and literary life in New York ought to have kept his pages free from the impossible lion with the tawny mane, and the remarkable den in which the place of honor

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is given to a table laden with "a whole battery of liquors."

There is novelty in a story by Mr. James with a situation so important that we are more occupied by what the people do than by the way they do it. Such a situation is to be found in 'A London Life.' Not the great one—that is simple enough. From the beginning it is clear that Mrs. Lionel Berrington is on the high road that leads to the Court of Probate and Divorce, and that the case of "Berrington versus Berrington and others" will come on in due time. The scene which makes us pause and question its possibility is that managed by Laura Wing at the opera, when she practically asks her serious and ingenuous compatriot to marry her, and is practically declined with thanks. In the moment of certainty that the long impending disgrace was accomplished, that her sister, Selina, had bolted, Laura Wing might have cried out to Wendover to save her. That would have been an impressive expression of the desperation to which she had been gradually brought by her sister's artistic wickedness and her brother-in-law's brutality. But she stopped to consider that by to-morrow Selina's crime would have engulfed her, and to decide that she must play boldly now, or be lost for ever. It is her cold calculation which makes the scene important and improbable, for the only way to reconcile it with probability is by attributing to Laura a large share of Selina's unscrupulousness, an inference which is contradicted by her ultra-sensitive rectitude and exaggerated sense of personal responsibility. Having conceived the situation, it would have been more interesting if Mr. James had permitted Laura to win, and then shown us her feelings and thoughts when she looked herself in the face, and knew, as she would know, that, for honesty, there was no choice between her and Selina.

Selina is done in the author's best manner. A most airy, elegant, and apparently superficial creature, her corruption is so profound that she has lost every shred of moral perception. Sometimes her methods strike us as too subtle and finished for an American girl born of honest, decent stock. In the end, however, she does credit to her uncultivated ancestors, for, not content with making a scandal, she does it, as old Lady Davenant says, "in the most offensive way, publicly, clumsily, with the vulgarest bravado."

Mr. James long ago reached perfection in the art of insinuation. One of the great charms of his work is, that we can imagine so much more than he tells us, and feel quite sure that our imagination does not lead us astray. It is very pleasant and flattering to find ourselves able to do half the author's work, but it is maddening to have to do it all, to be given almost nothing to go upon. In Mrs. Temperly the author overestimates his power and abuses his privilege. She is an astute, managing mamma, of course, but what is the object of her astuteness? Where does she mean to arrive? The sphinx was frankness itself in comparison with Mrs. Temperly, and no one not in the author's intimate confidence will ever know what she was "after."

It is strange that when a story is discovered in ancient, mouldy, crabbed MS., it is pretty sure to be so dull a story that we wish the worm had eaten it, or that it had been quite undecipherable. For all the entertainment that can be extracted from it, the MS. of 'Margery, a Tale of Old Nuremberg,' might as well have rotted on the shelves of the merchant in Venice. Margery was old when she wrote her life, and that is some excuse for her prolixity, heaviness, and disorderly habit of narration. If she had undertaken less, she might have done better. Her own love affairs and the charms of her youth, beauty, and virtue are quite enough for one volume, while a consecutive account of the adventures of her wild brother, Herdegen, would suffice for a large second. The one merit of her clumsy, discursive manner is that it helps realization of a ponderous pomp and slow-going magnificence with which a burgher aristocracy, at the height of its power, probably surrounded itself. Some of her descriptions of fêtes and pageants are rich and gorgeous word-pictures, and the author's name is a guarantee for their historical accuracy.

The MSS. left by Micah Clarke, to be collated and edited by a descendant, are better worth preservation. The compiler unfortunately delayed his work a little too long, and his story of the Western Rebellion of 1685, and of the pitiful rout of James Duke of Monmouth, has been forestalled by Mr. Besant. But the tale can be twice told without loss, especially when there is no resemblance between the characters and minor incidents of the two versions. Micah had a stirring time for a month or two, and describes his adventures graphically. He is not the hero of his own tale, but an humble follower of Decimus Saxton, who had sold his sword to every prince in Europe, but was none the less able a soldier because he plied his trade neither for principle nor patriotism, but for money and pure love of a fight. Decimus is a spirited example of the soldier of fortune, and his figure makes a brilliant contrast to that of the unhappy Monmouth, the slave of mood, one hour depressed to the ground, the next exalted to the skies, fit for nothing less than a leader of armies, unless it may have been a king. Throughout the story there is a great deal of vivid, thrilling description, of which the charge of the King's men on the peasants massed behind their scythes at Sedgemoor is a fair example:

"The fog was rent, and the long lines of the royal cavalry broke out from it, wave after wave, rich in scarlet and blue and gold, as grand a sight as ever the eye rested on. There was something in the smooth, steady sweep of so great a body of horsemen which gave the feeling of irresistible power. Rank after rank and line after line, with waving standards, tossing manes, and gleaming steel, they poured onward, an army in themselves, with either flank still shrouded in the mist. As they thundered along, mane to mane and bridle to bridle, there came from them such a gust of deep-chested oaths, with the jangle of harness, the clash of steel, and the measured beat of multitudinous hoofs, that no man who hath not stood up against such a whirlwind, with nothing but a seven-foot pike in his hand, can know how hard it is to face it with a steady lip and a firm grip."

GOULD'S ORNITHOLOGICAL WORKS.

Birds of New Guinea, and the adjacent Papuan Islands, etc. Five volumes, imperial folio. London: Henry Sotheran & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1875-88.

Supplement to the Trochilidæ, or Hummingbirds. One volume, imperial folio. 1885-87. Same publishers.

THE ornithological works of the late John Gould comprise forty imperial-folio volumes, embracing about 3,000 colored plates, in most cases giving life-size figures of the species treated. This series of works, unrivalled for the accuracy and beauty of the illustrations, was begun in 1832 with 'A Century of Birds from the Himalayan Mountains,' and 'The Birds of Europe.' The latter, in five volumes, with about 450 plates, was completed in 1837. After two years of residence and travel in Australia, accompanied by his wife, Gould began the publication of his great work on the 'Birds of Australia,' in seven volumes, with 600 plates, finishing the work in 1848, to which, however, a 'Supplement' was added, 1851-69, consisting of eighty-one plates and accompanying text; the work as finally left comprising eight volumes and nearly 700 plates. In the meantime, he began a companion work on the 'Mammals of Australia,' which was not finished till 1863, forming three volumes, with nearly 300 plates. His next work was the 'Monograph of the Trochilidæ, or Humming-birds,' begun in 1849 and finished in 1861, five volumes, with 360 plates. In 1850 he brought out the first parts of his great work on the 'Birds of Asia'—seven volumes, with 530 plates—which, however, was not finished till 1883, two years after Mr. Gould's death. In 1875 he entered upon the publication of his seventh great work, the 'Birds of New Guinea,' one of the works here especially under notice.

Besides these large works, Gould published three important monographs of particular families of birds, mostly remarkable for the brilliancy of their plumage. These are, in the order of publication, 'A Monograph of the Odontophorinæ, or the Partridges of America,' 1844–50, 32 plates; 'A Monograph of the Family Rhamphastidæ, or Toucans,' 1852–54, 52 plates; 'A Monograph of the Trogonidæ, or Family of Trogons,' 1868–75, 47 plates.

In addition to his large folio works, Gould published a 'Hand-book' of the birds of Australia in 1865—two volumes, large 8vo, without illustrations, consisting of the letter-press of the larger work, with much interpolated matter, designed more especially for the residents of Australia and for those unable to purchase the larger work. He was also in the habit of publishing, as separate works, each in a single octavo volume, the introductory portions of his larger works, mainly for distribution among his scientific friends.

As already stated, the publication of the 'Birds of New Guinea' was begun in 1875, of which only twelve parts of the twenty-five comprising the work had appeared at the time of Mr. Gould's death in 1881. The remaining thirteen parts have been prepared and carried through the press under the direction of Mr. R. Bowdler Sharpe, the eminent curator of the Ornithological Department of the British Museum. The 'Introduction,' also written by Mr. Sharpe, gives an historical sketch of ornithological discovery and exploration in New Guinea and neighboring islands, mostly restricted in time to the last thirty years. Prior to this time our knowledge of this most interesting region was exceedingly slight and vague. "No other country," says Mr. Sharpe, "has produced in recent times more novelties in the way of birds than New Guinea, and every fresh expedition to the mountains of the interior appears to add to the number." Here several new and remarkable genera, as well as species, of birds of paradise have been discovered within the last few years, as well as many new parrots and other striking forms.

As shown by the full title of the work, 'The Birds of New Guinea and the Adjacent Papuan Islands, including any New Species that may be Discovered in Australia,' it was intended to be in a measure further supplementary to Mr. Gould's great work on the birds of Australia. As the work was limited to twenty-five parts, only about three hundred species are here figured, out of a total of more than a thousand now known as inhabitants of the Papuasian region. The birds of New Guinea are especially remarkable for the brilliancy of their plumage, including as they do the larger part of the great family of paradise

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birds, with their rich metallic coloring and odd and striking appendages in the form of ruffs, crests, shields, and remarkably elongated plumes. The great parrot family is also represented in its extreme brilliancy of coloring and variety of forms, while some of the kingfishers and the fruit pigeons and the gaudy pittas, make up an assemblage that may well tax the most skilful artist to delineate. Many of the smaller birds are not lacking in striking features of coloration or form. As usual in Gould's works, a single sheet of text accompanies each plate, giving a description and a brief history of the species figured.

The supplement to the Trochilidæ, or humming-birds, projected shortly before Mr. Gould's death, was also carried to completion by Mr. R. Bowdler Sharpe, with the coöperation of Mr. Osbert Salvin, a well-known English ornithologist, who has made this group of birds a special subject of study. This work was issued in five parts, 1885-87, forming a single volume of fifty-eight plates and text, completing the work on the humming-birds, now comprising six volumes, with upwards of 400 plates. About 420 species are figured the size of life, with appropriate floral surroundings, almost rivalling in effectiveness of presentation nature's own handiwork. The original designs (of the original work, at least), as in the case of Gould's other works, were executed by himself, and drawn on stone by Mr. Richter. The introduction to the work fills more than one hundred pages, and treats of the classification and systematic arrangement of the genera and species.

The humming-birds have been styled the "gems of creation," their metallic tints rivalling in brilliancy, variety of tint, and play of colors the richest mineral gems. Mr. Gould's collection of these birds, numbering nearly 6,000 specimens (now in the Natural History Department of the British Museum), was for many years unequalled in its extent and completeness, and long since acquired a world-wide celebrity. The common generic names given these birds indicate well some of their striking features. Among them are, with distinctive prefixes to indicate the various species, such as the following: emerald, amethyst, sapphire, topaz, ruby, star-throat, flame-bearer, sunbeam, rainbow, sun-angel, wood-star, hill-star, velvet-breast, train-bearer, sylph, raquet-tail, plumleteer, coquette, etc.

Mr. Gould was a remarkable man, and his illustrated works form an enduring monument to his energy, unceasing activity, artistic ability, and taste. He was born in September, 1804, in Lyme, Dorsetshire, England, and died February 3, 1881, at the age of seventy-seven years. In 1827 he went to London and was appointed Curator to the Zoölogical Society's Museum. He here made the acquaintance of many leading naturalists, including Mr. N. A. Vigors, an eminent ornithologist, by whom he was encouraged to make his first venture in the field in which he eventually became so famous. "By this time, however, an event had taken place which had an influence on the whole of his later life; viz, his marriage with Miss Coxen, the daughter of Mr. Nicholas Coxen of Kent. Besides her other accomplishments, Mrs. Gould was an admirable draughtswoman, and, from her husband's sketches, she transferred to stone the figures" of his first illustrated works. In 1838 she accompanied him to Australia, where for two years they studied in life the birds they were to depict and describe. Soon after their return, however, Mrs. Gould died, and for a time Mr. Gould was nearly overwhelmed by his bereavement.

Letters of Thomas Carlyle. 1826-1836. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Macmillan & Co. 1888.

THESE new letters of Carlyle extend from the date of his marriage to that of the publication of the 'French Revolution,' and, in his life, from the thirty-first to the forty-first year. They are in nearly all cases written to members of his family, and portions of a few of them were included, with many errors, in Froude's 'Life.' They afford a complete view of Carlyle's interests, labors, and temperament at this important and trying period of his life, and amply justify the hopes that such an epistolary autobiography would give not only a much needed correction of the false impressions made by Froude's method of dealing with his materials, but an entertaining and useful story of Carlyle's growth and nature. The most striking general feature of the letters is their simple and almost humble tone. Froude, by selecting for publication the most highly colored passages, and especially those most affected by emotion, melancholy, or picturesqueness of style, made his narrative altogether too high-strung. The larger mass of ordinary letters is needed to give proper relief to such moments of feeling. With these new letters before us, we see that Carlyle's relations with his family—and these were the most vital and intimate of his life-relations—were natural and healthy; and they were in the highest degree honorable to him. One would look in vain for a better example of filial or brotherly affection constantly alive, conscientious, and helpful. He was interested in the doings and fortunes of all, not in a generally sympathetic, but a specific and practical way, and he knew no difference between the "Doctor" at Rome and Naples and poor "Alick" struggling on his farm, under the hopeless conditions and hard surroundings of Scottish agriculture. He was always anxious to give and receive merely personal news, shared in their ventures and trials, and was ready with advice and encouragement.

The more interesting part is naturally the expression of the attachment between himself and his aged and pious mother, as it also exhibits character in a very pure form. Carlyle's mother, indeed, with her worryings over the children and her trust in God, her learning to write from him and her painful exercise of the pen, her reading of his books and articles, her limited experience beyond the Ecclefechan horizon, and her looking forward to the annual meeting with her son, is the most prominent character in the correspondence; and whenever he writes to her, the page is brighter for the beauty and tenderness of the relationship. To have brought out fully the fact of this tie, which was so large an element in Carlyle's human life, is sufficient reward; but when to this is added the spirit of the whole united family, struggling to live independently and worthily, and to better themselves and each other according to their opportunities, a great deal has been added to our knowledge of the good in Carlyle's days.

Next to this undiminished and simple family affection and helpfulness in Carlyle, one notes particularly his kindness to those whom he could in any useful way assist. He was hospitable really to any sincere and honest young man, and did not limit his interest to literary youths. He was willing to do a good turn by the way to very humble and ordinary folk. The capital instance of his kindness, however, in these letters, is his attention to poor Glen, a disciple of his whose mind failed. He read Homer with him—much to his own pleasure, it is true, but that does not lessen the virtue of the act, and he was attentive, so far as was in his power, to his comfort and bettering. To Irving, too, his spirit is admirable in patience and love. The victim of what Carlyle most abhorred, he nevertheless was not suffered to become alienated from his heart, and Carlyle's pictures of the wretched condition of his friend are more full of sorrow than of the contempt he must have felt for the results of such a life as Irving came to lead. Towards Jeffrey, also, though one perceives the gradually widening rift between the two, Carlyle maintained as appreciative and grateful an attitude as was to be expected. Jeffrey himself nowhere in our accounts of him stands forth so amiably and acceptably as here. He was kind and helpful, according to his lights, when Carlyle needed friends, and will be so most pleasantly remembered. Mill's friendship and considerate services also are truly rendered, and, on the whole, one gets the impression that he was a truer and more interested friend than the correspondence properly shows. These are the principal human elements in the letters, outside of the family concerns, and they give an impression of general kindliness and good-will in the air—the very thing which Froude most left out.

Carlyle himself is egoistical as always; absorbed in himself, in his genius and its expression so much as to lend disproportion to the world of men outside him, which he always beheld with a queer distortion. The keenness of his physical eye seems to have partly blinded him to moral and intellectual character less immediately and continually shown, and his proneness to a depreciatory judgment disturbed his little faculty of toleration. His mood was that of the prophet, and he carried it to the dinner-table, where it does not belong. The difficulty he found in obtaining expression for his genius doubtless contributed to this oblique view of ordinary human life. The necessity he seems under of talking to himself, as a driver does to his horse, to keep his courage up, is as obvious in all these letters as in any others. He preached to his own soul as pertinaciously as to the world, and in the same words. This strain, this unceasing reminder to himself to fear God and respect not men's judgments or ways, keeps on independent of his progress. He gradually left behind the schemes of taking professorships and lecturing, he burned his failures in literature, and came to a sure conviction as to his place and work, and the fate he was subject to of staying put, but without finding it easier to do so without self-declamation.

It is hardly fanciful to say that these apostrophes to himself and "lashings" of moral feeling were to him what, in another age and with other modes of the same faith, prayer and "wrestlings" would have been. They were his spiritual resource and the language of them. But in a certain way the constant repetition of these phrases and the fluency of these "communings" serve an end. It was one result of the publication of his opinions upon men and of his family history to turn attention from his works to his life; and it is well to find that the principles he preached were those he lived by, that they were self-derived, genuine and native to his own struggles, and to observe in what way they operated on himself from day to day and year to year. The sight of struggle in its real forms, of tragedy unsoftened and unilluminated by the poetic spirit, is never pleasant; hard features are as disagreeable in a life as in a face, and in Carlyle's biography this element is trying always. But, although in these letters all this must enter, being a part of the truth, yet the value of

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Prof. Norton's work, which is that of a just friend as well as of a laborious editor, is that it lowers the relief of these hard lines, and shows more fully the kindliness, the fidelity, and the true-heartedness of Carlyle, in which his manhood lay quite as much as in his self-rallying courage, his indignation at feebleness and folly, and his uncharitableness when his affections were not concerned. These volumes show his private life with those nearest and dearest to him, apart from his genius, and in this way—which is the way of truth—serve his memory as his friends would wish.

Speeches of the Right Honorable Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P., 1880–1888. Collected, with Notes and Introduction, by Louis J. Jennings, M.P. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. 1889.

Later Speeches on Political Questions, with Select Controversial Papers. By George W. Julian. Indianapolis: Carlon & Hollenbeck. 1889.

An American reader of Mr. Jennings's volumes cannot help asking himself of how many of our public men it would pay to print the speeches after the voluminous fashion in which those of Lord Churchill, Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Gladstone, and many others have been presented. A cynical politician might reply that they are not expected to pay, at least in a pecuniary sense, but only as an advertisement of the particular statesman. But the question recurs *à fortiori*, how many of our public men would think that any gain at all adequate to the expenditure could result from such a method. That which seems to be much more relied upon here is the management of primary meetings and nominating conventions and political machinery in general. But it is not only remarkable that these speeches should be printed, but that they should be made. With us, in the few weeks preceding a Presidential, and in a much less and almost vanishing degree before a State election, a certain number of speakers make the rounds, but the audiences are for the most part small, and much more interested in brass bands and torch-light processions. In England, at every interval of Parliamentary sessions the leading statesmen go about the country, and the interest is so great that, to hear even men of the second rank, like Lord Churchill, audiences of five, ten, and twenty thousand persons are not wanting.

A third feature of the English speeches is that they are so much more readable than any made here. The writer of this notice, at the time of the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, waded through at least a hundred columns of speeches reported in the *Times*, and has not found the interest of these two volumes to flag. Yet, surely, the questions of civil-service and tariff reform, of the Inter-State Commerce Act, the general pension bills, the treatment of the Indians, admit of as dramatic presentation, and ought to be of more interest to us, than those of home rule in Ireland, of the Egyptian expedition, or the management of the British army and navy.

The secret we take to lie in the personal and public character of English politics, as compared with the anonymous and abstract quality of ours. In England all great questions are debated in the open arena of the House of Commons. They take the form of definite measures, for and against which are arrayed all the leading men, both of the Government and of the Opposition. When these men afterwards go outside of Parliament or into the provinces, they are already perfectly well known, both of themselves and in their relation to the great questions of the day. A keen interest is felt in seeing them and hearing their remarks, not only upon the main subjects, but upon their colleagues and opponents.

In this country all business is thrown, in its crudest and most abstract form, into the committee-rooms, from which it emerges in perfectly impersonal shape, and usually only in the last hours of a session, or in such a confusion of other business that debate of a kind to interest or inform the public is out of the question. When a member, therefore, undertakes to address the constituents of his own or any other district, he must deal in pure generalities. His hearers know nothing of the processes or arguments by which the result, if any, has been arrived at. They do not identify it with any particular man or men, and thus the element of personal interest is wholly lost. No speaker can point to anything good or bad which he himself or anybody else has done, or can promise that he or anybody else will do anything in the future, because all action depends upon majorities—first of committees and then of the houses—respecting which nobody can say anything definite of any kind. We are not now discussing other qualities of the two systems; but with regard to the interest of public speaking there can be no question as to where the advantage lies.

Lord Randolph Churchill is apparently neither a very great orator nor a very great man, yet these side-lights make his speeches entertaining. First of all comes the fury and hatred with which the true Tory regards Mr. Gladstone. The rueful admission of his great influence with the mass of the nation, coupled with the outbursts of denunciation, is very amusing. Not less so is the exaltation of the influence of property and land and position, struggling with the compulsory worship of the rising tide of democracy. On one side Lord Randolph seems distinctly to deserve credit, in that he has ventured to separate himself from his party by denouncing the extravagance and inefficiency of the spending department, and preferred rather to resign the Chancellorship of the Exchequer than to be a consenting party to expenditures against which he had pledged himself in his public speeches. It may be added that while not always expressed in the purest of English, these speeches show a good deal of vigor and force, and at times rise to a fair height of eloquence.

It is to be feared that reformers of Mr. Julian's type do more upon the whole to discredit reform than to advance it. Their besetting sin is exaggeration, and after they are once found out their influence ceases with the sober-minded. We are in full accord with Mr. Julian in most of his contentions, and we have no disposition to question his sincerity; but we are repelled by his methods. Those who differed with him may have been in the wrong, and those whom he denounced may have deserved denunciation; but *est modus in rebus*. Profuse and diversified vituperation may seem effective oratory at the hustings, but it makes poor reading, and of several of the speeches collected in this volume we must say that they are "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Reason revolts when we peruse a diatribe full of such statements as that in Massachusetts "a crouching tenantry, toiling under absentee landlords, bears witness at once to the decline of agriculture and the decay of freedom"; or when the author calls the denial of the suffrage to women as gross a wrong as negro slavery is. Yet, in spite of the offensive tone of these speeches and their almost total lack of literary merit, they are worth preserving. They contain some sort of history of the Independent movement of 1872, or rather of the abuses which caused that movement. They contain also very clear and strong statements of the case against Garfield, of that against Blaine, and of the scandalous proceedings in Louisiana after the election in 1876. These statements are made in partisan manner and for partisan purposes, but they seem to us substantially accurate, and are very effectively arranged. It would probably not be easy to find a more detailed and comprehensive arraignment of the Republican party than is contained in this volume.

Bibliotheca Washingtoniana: A Descriptive List of the Biographies and Biographical Sketches of George Washington. By W. S. Baker. Philadelphia. 1889.

Valuable as is this fourth compilation on Washingtoniana that Mr. Baker has prepared, it yet falls short of the needed detail and accuracy of a bibliography of the subject, while, on the other hand, it is more full and general than would be looked for in a reader's handbook. A bibliography would demand a complete collation of an edition, the full title, paging, and even errors of arrangement; but the manner in which Mr. Baker has secured many of his titles, from library sales and booksellers' catalogues, notes in magazines, or advertisements of proposed publications, has made this complete record impossible. Where a copy of a book has come under his eye, the needed information is given, and, so far as we have compared his titles, given accurately, while his notes are judicious and by no means uninteresting reading.

It is difficult to realize how much energy has been expended in describing the life of Washington—we had almost written *lives*, as a comparison would lead the readers to believe that different persons were being written of, and not the same man. And it is by no means a consoling reflection to think that it is the crude and more imperfect attempts that enjoy the greatest popularity. Of the earlier writers none can begin to compare with Marshall, whose biography in many ways is still the best extant. Now Marshall is noted 18 times, Weems 49, Corry 20, Ramsay 14, Aaron Bancroft 12, and Morse 10. Of the later writers Sparks is most favored, but Irving, Guizot, and Frost are not left far behind. It is, therefore, Weems, the itinerant book-peddler and fiddler, who has gained the greatest popularity; and a very curious story in the evolution of Washington myths could be written from the different editions of this little book, now worthy to be called a "classic," for its sale still pays a royalty to the possessor of the latest copyright. In the first edition (1800) Weems is merely "Rev.," and the moral tales of the cabbage-garden and cherry-tree do not appear until the reverend author has had sufficient courage and imagination to describe himself as "formerly rector of Mt. Vernon parish," equally a myth with his legends. This did not occur until the sixth edition, published in 1808. Yet the popular idea of Washington is more apt to be based upon these figments of Weems's imagination than upon a more solid estimate like Marshall's. We should like to notice other curiosities, such as the first biographical sketch noted (1777), the Latin works of Glass and Lance, the play by Custis, and the absurd genealogy issued by Welles, in which he starts with Odin; but space forbids.

The fact that a limited edition of Mr. Baker's book is issued precludes a second edition, yet it will be well to note several errors and omissions. His 447, without an author's name,

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is a reprint of Mrs. Hyde's volume, already entered as No. 426. A note should have been added to Habberton's sketch (No. 474), to allow the reader to know that it is a "comic" biography. And, as the man has been his best biographer, why ought not some mention of the new collection of his writings now in process of publication to have been made? It was announced early in 1888, and Mr. Baker has titles of what has been issued in 1889. But these are light failings when compared with the general utility of the book. Its interest and value are enhanced by an etching of the "Powel" portrait of Washington, painted by Wright.

John Brown. By Dr. Hermann von Holst. Edited by Frank Preston Stearns. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

THIS small volume is perhaps the first evoked in a polemic spirit by Messrs. Hay and Nicolay's Life of Lincoln during its piecemeal appearance in the *Century*. Others, we dare say, will follow, not so recklessly incurred—for a judgment of the hero of Harper's Ferry was by no means necessary to the biography. Mr. Stearns, whose father's relations to John Brown are well known, seems to us to have been unduly moved by an *obiter dictum*, and on the other hand to have overrated the effect of the essay which Von Holst contributed to vol. xli of the *Preussische Jahrbücher*. Its style is rather more tropical than that of the author's 'Constitutional History,' and the argument seems to us to offer nothing new to a discussion which cannot possibly be compressed into 120 pages of coarse print—one-half devoted to Harper's Ferry alone. While allowing full weight to Holst's historical opinion and moral sympathies, we think Mr. Stearns unwarrantably elated when he makes of this essay an impregnable bulwark against hostile attacks on Brown. "No rude hand will ever again," he is confident, "reach high enough to pull down this record of his fame." But, as a first consequence, let us see if Messrs. Hay and Nicolay will feel constrained to modify their censure in the finished book.

For example, what has Von Holst done to fix the verdict of posterity concerning the midnight Pottawatomie massacre—assassinations—"executions," to use Mr. F. B. Sanborn's euphemism? He gives at most 300 words to the subject, and declares it a false accusation that Brown was the originator of the deed. Mr. Sanborn, on the contrary, writes a whole chapter to prove that Brown was the author of "this act of wild justice," that it was his crown of glory, and that he was, "consciously or unconsciously," executing the will of Heaven. No doubt the difference between the essayist and the biographer is referred to by the former (who wrote before the appearance of Sanborn's Life) when he tells Mr. Stearns that, while his views of Brown's character and the historical significance of his career have undergone no change, "the new materials brought to light by Mr. Sanborn render some corrections as to details necessary." Mr. Stearns thinks "the details in this case are fortunately not essential." If Pottawatomie is one of them, he will not find many to agree with him, and certainly not Messrs. Hay and Nicolay, whose insistence upon it in their general disparagement of Brown is one of Mr. Stearns's chief grievances.

The editor's part in this volume consists of a preface, a rambling introduction professing to characterize Von Holst's great 'Constitutional History of the United States,' and a medley of appendixes, in the longest of which Mr. Stearns takes up the unfriendly criticism of John Brown. He even has to cover Brackett's bust of Brown from assault, without convincing us that it has a tithe of the impressiveness of the best photographs before the beard was grown—for Brown's mouth was the man.

Mr. Stearns's ill-health compelled him to employ for the translation of Von Holst a French American, and hence on page 171 we have "Freedom" (for Liberty) party; but "Pelleton" on pages 190, 192, should not have been overlooked. Other slips are "36° 31′." (for 30′) on page 68, and "Dr." Richard D. Webb, for plain Mr., on page 49. Views of John Brown's grave, a beardless portrait, the bust, the medal, adorn the volume.

A History of the University of Cambridge. By J. Bass Mullinger, M.A. [Epochs of Church History.] A. D. F. Randolph & Co. Pp. 232.

MR. BRODRICK'S history of the University of Oxford, which we reviewed nearly two years ago, has found a companion in the history of the University of Cambridge, by J. Bass Mullinger. It would be invidious, if it were easy, to draw a comparison between books of so high merit, especially when the plan of composition does not admit of any but a very general and popular treatment. The distinctive character of the two institutions does not fail, however, to show itself in the treatment. The strong intellectual life of Oxford, its general conservatism, and its steady adherence to the party of the King, are contrasted with the ardor with which its sister university espoused the cause of the Reformation, and its decided Puritan leanings. Mr. Mullinger has supplied what we pointed out as a defect in Mr. Brodrick's book, by giving a pretty full sketch of the origin of the university system of the Middle Ages, and something of its management. The interesting history of university education in the last two centuries is well related, and this will be found, in both books, a welcome aid by many students.

French Life in Letters. By Mrs. Molesworth. Macmillan & Co. 1889. Pp. 80.

A YOUNG English girl goes to Paris with some relatives for the purpose of improving her knowledge of the French language. She has promised to write to her mother and sister chatty letters recounting the incidents of her voyage, impressions of French life, shopping, housekeeping, sight-seeing, etc. Her teacher suggests that she add the useful to the agreeable by writing altogether in French. Such is the plan of this excellent little book—a happy idea, well carried out. Miss Laura has only had time to write ten letters when her mother and sister join her in Paris; but these eighty pages, so fresh and interesting, so different from the commonplace, guide-book rehash usually found in text-books, so replete with useful information, might have for epigraph, *Multum in parvo*. The style, always natural and correct, is far from childish, and, though the book be intended for schools, any young lady contemplating a trip to Paris will find it a valuable companion to take along with her. The typographical execution is what we expect from Mrs. Molesworth's publishers. Still, errors will creep into the best work, and in another edition it were well to print *sourit*, instead of *souria* (p. 64), and *demandai-je* instead of *demandais-je* (p. 53).

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, C. C. Days out of Doors. D. Appleton & Co. $1.
Alexander, Mrs. A Crooked Path. Geo. Munro. 20 cents.
Belford's Magazine. Vol. II. Belford, Clarke & Co.
Bunsen, E. de. Islam, or True Christianity. London: Trübner & Co.
Cobb, S., jr. Ben Hamed. Street & Smith.
Dean, F. A. The Heroines of Petoséga. Hawthorne Pub. Co.
Dean, Mrs. A. Isaac Eller's Money. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 2s.
Dickson, W. G. Gleanings from Japan. London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons.
Fane, Violet. The Story of Helen Davenant. D. Appleton & Co.
Johnston, H. H. The History of a Slave. D. Appleton & Co. 50 cents.
Meagher, M. W. Alluring Absurdities; Fallacies of Henry George. Am. News Co. 25 cents.
Molee, Prof. E. Germanik English. Bristol, Day Co., Dakota: The Author.
Norman, Lucia. Popular History of California. 2d ed. San Francisco: The Bancroft Co.
O'Reilly, H. Fifty Years on the Trail. Frederick Warne & Co. $1.
Parsons, Crawford, and Richardson. The World's Best Books. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Partnership Laws: The Statutes of New York, with the Decisions Thereon. Baker, Voorhis & Co. 75 cents.
Plato's Protagoras. Edited by Profs. J. W. White and T. D. Seymour. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.50.
Prentiss, Mary E. The Story Lizzie Told. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 25 cents.
Raymond, Grace. How They Kept the Faith: A Tale of the Huguenots of France. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $1.50.
Robertson, Margaret M. Eunice: A Story of Domestic Life in New England.—By a Way She Knew Not.—The Two Miss Jean Dawsons. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 50 cents each.
Roosa, Dr. D. B. St. John. The Old Hospital, and Other Papers. 2d ed. Wm. Wood & Co.
Russell, Sir C. The Parnell Commission: The Opening Speech for the Defence. Macmillan & Co. $3.50.
Russell, W. C. William Dampier. Macmillan & Co. 50 cents.
Seymour, Prof. T. D. First Three Books of Homer's Iliad. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.35.
Slosson, Annie T. Fishin' Jimmy. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 60 cents.
Travel, Adventure, and Sport from *Blackwood*. White & Allen.
Valdés, A. P. Marquis of Peñalta.—Maximina. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents each.
Van Daell, Prof. A. N. Pages Choisies des Mémoires du Duc de Saint-Simon. Boston: Ginn & Co. 75 cents.
Van Zile, E. S. The Last of the Van Slacks. Cassell & Co. 50 cents.
Wall, E. J. Dictionary of Photography. Scovill & Adams Co.
Walsh, Marie. His Wife or His Widow? G. W. Dillingham. 50 cents.
Warner, C. D. Studies in the South and West; with Comments on Canada. Harper & Bros.
Washington Life Insurance Co.: Historical, Actuarial, and Medical Statistics. New York.
Weismann, Prof. A. Essays upon Heredity. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Westall, W. Birch Dene: A Novel. Harper & Bros. 45 cents.
Whitman, H. The Washingtons and their Connection with Warton [Eng.]. Boston: Damrell & Upham. 25 cents.
Wicks, W. S. Log Cabins: How to Build and Furnish Them. *Forest and Stream* Publishing Co.
Wilson, G. H. The Musical Year-Book of the United States. Vol. VI. Boston: The Author.
Winter, J. S. Sophy Carmine. Frank F. Lovell & Co. 30 cents.
Wright, W. A. Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald. 3 vols. Macmillan & Co. $10.

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